



Asbury Theological Seminary

1.800.2.ASBURY • WWW.ASBURYSEMINARY.EDU

204 N. Lexington Avenue • Wilmore, KY 40390 • 859.858.3581

8401 Valencia College Lane • Orlando, FL 32825 • 407.482.7500

The Copyright law of the United States (title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specific conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be "used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research." If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement. This institution reserves the right to refuse to accept a copying order if, in its judgment, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of copyright law.

By the using this material, you are consenting to abide by this copyright policy. Any duplication, reproduction, or modification of this material without express written consent from Asbury Theological Seminary and/or the original publisher is prohibited.

© Asbury Theological Seminary 2009

Book belongs to
GOOD WAY

July
Hymns and Songs

FOR GENERAL USE

In All Holiness Meetings,

In Family Worship,

AND

In Sabbath Schools.



Good Way Publishing House,
Chillicothe, Mo.

or to de... four
snatched... from t
to all groun
derous po... to
t all di
mpare
it so
ost

1886
F. N. B. M.
Bro. & Sis. W. R.
Potter

NOTE OF INTRODUCTION.

The Forty Second Thousand of this approved and useful HYMN AND SONG BOOK is now offered to the holiness people and general public. Those who have been using the GOOD WAY collection of HYMNS AND SONGS, as issued in former editions, will observe some changes in the book now sent forth, which is believed will be generally approved as right and good. It is thought that the present book will need no future revision or change touching the hymns it contains, or their order and arrangement as herein fixed. In future editions, other hymns that may be added, as may seem to be demanded by the needs of the holiness work, will be appended to the collection as here given, without any disarrangement of the order of hymns as numbered in this edition.

It is hoped that the book will be well esteemed, on account of its excellent adaptation for Sunday-School use and for family worship. Hardly a better or purer collection of hymns could be found for such purpose.

The book is sent forth with many prayers that it may be useful and helpful wheresoever or by whomsoever used.

J. P. BROOKS,
J. F. WATKINS,
HATTIE P. YOUNGER,
T. B. BRATTON,
A. M. KIERGAN,
Committee.

GOOD WAY HYMNS.

1.

CORONATION.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the Royal Diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by His grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

2.

PRAISE.

- ① FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My Great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

3.

O WORSHIP THE LORD.*Gospel Gen 78.**R. Lowry.*

- ① H! worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, in the beauty of holiness, in the beauty of holiness.
Glory to the Father, abounding in mercy!
Be joyful, all ye people, and magnify Jehovah.

CHORUS:

- O glory, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!
We come before his presence and glorify his name.
- 2 Oh! worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, etc., etc.
Glory to Jesus, our gracious Redeemer!
We praise him, for he loved us, and brought a great salvation.
- 3 Oh! worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, etc., etc.
Glory to the Spirit, the Holy Revealer!
We praise him with the Father and with the Son our Savior.

4.

GOOD TO BE HERE.*Tri. 16.**J. N. Wilson.*

WHILE we bow in thy name
Come and meet us again.
Fill our hearts with the light of thy love,
May the Spirit of Grace
And the smiles of thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

CHORUS:

It is good to be here, it is good to be here,
Thy perfect love now drives away all our fear,
And light streaming down makes the pathway
all clear,
It is good for us to be here.

- 2 Our souls long for thee;
O may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood wave appear,
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.
- 3 Thou art with us we know;
We feel the sweet flow
Of the sin-cleansing wave's glad'ning tide;
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

5.

GOSPEL GRACE.

- G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crow
Through everlasting days,
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

TO SEEK AND SAVE.

*Joy and Gladness.**J. R. Sweeney.*

- O** hear the gospel message,
With trumpet-tongue it rings;
What hope and consolation
To sinners lost it brings;
No more like sheep we wander,
Without a shepherd's care,
There is a fold, a precious fold,
Whose refuge all may share.

CHORUS:

- The Son of Man has come,
The lost to seek and save;
We glory in his Cross,
Who triumph'd o'er the grave:
O write it on his standard,
That o'er the earth shall wave,
Behold the Son of Man has come
The lost to seek and save!
- 2 He seeks for those who slight him
Because of unbelief;
Who feel their sins a burden,
But will not ask relief.
In paths of gloom and darkness,
Where weary footsteps roam,
He reaches forth his loving arms
To bear the wand'rer home.
- 3 The way to him is simple—
'Tis only look and live;
One step, and O how gladly
His mercy will forgive.

'Twas not to call the righteous
Our dear Redeemer came,
But hungry, starving, helpless ones;
O praise his holy name!

7.

JOINING IN WORSHIP.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship;
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down—
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Slumbering on the brink of woe,
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, and our mothers,
And our children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders
Who were once near heaven's door,
But they have betray'd their Savior,
And are worse than e'er before;
Yet the Savior offers pardon
If they will lament their wound,
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help as
Moses' sister helped him?
While you see the trembling sinners
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Savior,
Tell them that he will be found,
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be showered all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too,
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.
Then he'll call us home to heav'n,
At his table we'll sit down,
Christ will gird himself and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

3.

CROWN HIM.

C. H. 262.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight so glorious,
See the "man of sorrows" now,
From the fight returns victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow.

CHORUS:

Crown him, crown him, angels crown him,
Crown the Savior "King of Kings."
Crown him; crown him, angels crown him!
Crown the Savior "King of Kings."

2 Crown the Savior, angels crown him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings,
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Savior's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own this title, praise his name.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation;
Hark! these loud triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh what joy the sight affords.

9. **JOYFUL TIDINGS.**

Beulah 112.

L. Hartsough, by per.

BRING you tidings of great joy,
For Jesus comes to save his own;
Yes, Jesus comes, the Lord of all,
For you he leaves his heavenly home.

CHORUS:

Rejoice, his name is Jesus, for he saves,
Rejoice, his name is Jesus, for he saves,
For he saves, for he saves,
For he saves his people from their sins.

2 Just at the door with lifted hand
He stands and knocks—would enter in;
Who welcomes Christ, with heart and soul,
Will prove that Jesus saves from sin.

3 No other friend can bless as he,
You've greeted others—welcome him;
What foes you've had—you thought them
friends,
Jesus, true friend, will save from sin.

4 Besetting sin to Christ will yield,
Through him all self will find a grave;
And all this deadly strife will cease,
As Jesus proves his power to save.

5 And purity is his free gift,
Thus saving to the uttermost;
And by the Holy Spirit's power,
He gives to us our Pentecost.

10. **WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?**

Rev. 49.

H. Bonar.

DO not let the word depart.
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart;
Be saved yet to-night.

CHORUS:

Then why not to-night? Then why not to-night?
Thou wouldst be saved, then why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time! Oh then be wise,
Be saved yet to-night.

3 The world has nothing left to give;
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live,
Be saved yet to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Be saved yet to-night.

14 AWAKENING AND INVITING.

11. THE DEATH ANGEL.

SHOULD the death angel knock at the
chamber
In the still watch of the night,
Say, will thy spirit pass into torment,
Or to the realms of delight?

CHORUS:

Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready?
If the death angel should call?
Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready?
Jesus stands pleading for all.

- 2 Many sad spirits now are departing
Into the world of despair;
Every brief moment brings your doom nearer;
Sinner, oh, sinner, beware!
- 3 Many redeemed ones now are ascending
Into the mansions of light;
Jesus is pleading high up in glory,
Seeking to save you to-night.

12. NO, NO.

SHALL this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted?
And the soul remain unfilled?

CHORUS:

No, no, no, no,
Ever faithful I will be,
And each precious hour redeeming,
Wait for thee, eternity.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

15

- 2 Shall the god-given hours be scattered
Like the leaves upon the plain?
Shall the blossoms die unwatered
By the drops of heavenly rain?
- 3 Shall I see each fair sun waking,
And not see it wake for me?
Each glad morning brightly breaking,
And not feel it breaks for me?
- 4 Shall I see the roses blooming,
And not wish to bloom as they?
Holy fragrance 'round me throwing,
Luring others on the way.
- 5 No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams of sin;
No, I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within.
- 6 Swiftly moving upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne.
Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,
Let my eyes unshrinking turn.

13. HAPPY TIDINGS.

TIDINGS, happy tidings,
Hark, hark the sound!
Hear the joyful echo
Through the world resound:
Christ the Lord proclaims them,
Hear and heed the call;
Come, ye starving ones that perish,
Room, room for all.

CHORUS:

Whosoever asketh, Jesus will receive,
 Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve.
 See the living waters, flowing full and free,
 Oh, the blessed whosoever, that means me.

2 Tidings, happy tidings,
 Hark, hark! they say
 Do not slight the warning,
 Come, Oh come to-day:
 Christ, our loving Savior,
 Still repeats the call.
 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Room, room for all.

3 Tidings, happy tidings,
 Hark! hark! again!
 Rushing o'er the mountain,
 Sweeping o'er the plain.
 Onward goes the message—
 'Tis the Savior's call:
 Come, for everything is ready,
 Room, room for all.

COME HOME.

Rev. 23.

J. H. Stockton.

COME home, dear sinner, while the light
 Is beaming on your way;
 The door stands open wide for you,
 Return while yet you may.

CHORUS:

Come home, come home, dear child, come home,
 Your Father bids you come;

Come home, come home, just now come home,
 Oh, weary wand'rer, come.

2 Come home, dear-sinner, by the cross
 Your Savior waits for you;
 He'll cleanse away your earthly dross,
 And make you happy, too.

3 Come home, dear sinner, while you feel
 The Spirit move your heart;
 While at the mercy seat you kneel,
 With every idol part.

4 Come home, dear sinner, Jesus' blood
 Can wash out every stain;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 Of him who once was slain.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

WE are bound for the land of the pure and
 the holy,
 The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,
 Ye wand'rers from God, in the broad road of
 folly,
 O say will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS:

Will you go? will you go? will you go?
 Will you go? O say will you go?
 To the Eden above?

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
 Can breathe on the fields where the glorified
 rove,

Ye heart burdened ones who in misery languish,
O say will you go to the Eden above?

No poverty there, no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory, whose nature is love,
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy,
O say will you go to the Eden above?

March on, happy pilgrim, the land is before you
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove,
Yes, soon we shall walk on the fields of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

And yet, guilty sinner we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move,
O come to the Lord, in his arms he will take thee
And bear thee along to the Eden above.

Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying:

Oh! who can this guilt from my conscience remove?

No other but Jesus, then come to him praying:
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.

I praise thee, O Lord, from death thou hast brought me,
And filled my poor soul with thy praise and thy love,
And when my work's done, and my labor is ended,
Forever I'll sing in the Eden above.

AT the feast of Belshazzar
And a thousand of his lords,
While they drank from golden vessels,
As the book of truth records:
In the night as they reveled,
In the royal palace hall,
They were seized with consternation,
'Twas the hand upon the wall.

CHORUS:

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
Shall the record be—"found wanting?"
Or shall it be—"found trusting?"
While that hand is writing on the wall.

2 See the brave captive, Daniel,
As he stood before the throng
And rebuked the haughty monarch
For his mighty deeds of wrong;
As he read out the writing,
'Twas the doom of one and all;
For the kingdom now was finished,
Said the hand upon the wall.

3 See the faith, zeal and courage
That would dare to do the right;
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel,
This the secret of his might.
In his home in Judea,
Or a captive in the hall,
He understood the writing
Of his God upon the wall.

- 4 So our deeds are recorded,
 There's a hand that's writing now;
 Sinner, give your heart to Jesus,
 To his royal mandate bow,
 For the day is approaching—
 It must come to one and all—
 When the sinner's condemnation
 Will be written on the wall.

17. **THE SINNER INVITED.**

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve:—

- 2 I go to Jesus, though my sins
 Like mountains 'round me close,
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go—
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away I know
 I must forever die.

18. **WILL YOU COME.**

Tri. 44.

Jno. Sweeney, by per.

WILL you come, will you come, with your
 poor broken heart;
 Burdened and sin oppressed?
 Lay it down at the feet of your Savior and
 Lord;
 Jesus will give you rest.

CHORUS:

O happy rest, sweet happy rest!
 Jesus will give you rest,
 Oh! why won't you come, in simple trusting
 faith,
 Jesus will give you rest.

- 2 Will you come, will you come? there is mercy
 for you,
 Balm for your aching breast;
 Only come as you are, and believe on his name,
 Jesus will give you rest.
- 3 Will you come, will you come? you have noth-
 ing to pay,
 Jesus, who loves you best,
 By his death on the cross purchased life for
 your soul,
 Jesus will give you rest.
- 4 Will you come, will you come? how he pleads
 with you now!
 Fly to his loving breast;
 And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be
 Jesus will give you rest.

19.

HOME IN GLORY.

O SINNER, come without delay,
And seek a home in glory;
The Lord is calling you to-day,
He pleads for you in glory.

CHORUS:

O, glory! O, glory!
There's room enough in Paradise,
For all a home in glory.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call
To seek a home in glory;
The invitation is to all
To have a home in glory.

3 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
And have a home in glory,
In yon blest house there still is room
For you a home in glory.

4 There need not one be left behind
Who seek a home in glory;
For God hath bidden all mankind
To have a home in glory.

5 Awake, awake! the Judge is near;
Prepare, prepare for glory!
If sleeping when he shall appear
You can not share his glory.

CHORUS:

Oh, glory! Oh, glory!
There's power in Jesus' dying love
To bring you home to glory.

20.

ROAD TO RUIN.

WHILE angels strike their golden strings,
And veil their faces with their wings
Each saint on earth to Jesus sings,
And joins to praise the King of Kings,
Who saves lost souls from ruin.

2 But sinners, fond of earthly toys,
Mock, and deride, while saints rejoice;
They close their ears to Jesus' voice,
And make the world and sin their choice,
And force their way to ruin.

3 Sometimes, in visions of the night
God doth their guilty souls affright;
They tremble at the awful sight,
But still again with morning light
Pursue the road to ruin.

4 Sometimes, by preaching, sinners feel
They're doomed to hell and misery;
To turn to God they then agree,
But with the wicked, proud, and gay,
Pursue their road to ruin.

5 Sometimes, when nothing else will do,
Affliction does their danger show,
And brings the careless sinner low;
They then repent, and pray, and vow,
But turn again to ruin!

6 When every means is tried in vain,
The Spirit strives no more with them;
But full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
Death strikes the blow—the sinner's slain—
And sinks to endless ruin.

21. **DECIDE TO-NIGHT.***Spiritual Songs, 47. W. A. Spencer.*

SOME go away from the house to-night
 Purified from sin,
 Others reject the precious light
 And go away unclean;
 Lovingly still the Savior stands
 Pleading with thy heart;
 Patiently knocks with his bleeding hands,
 Unwilling to depart.

CHORUS:

Going away from Christ to-night,
 Away from his loving care;
 Going away from blessed light,
 To darkness and despair.

- 2 Some will go out from the house of prayer
 Hardened by delay,
 Yielding to Satan's luring snare,
 Will hopeless turn away;
 Nevermore shall the Spirit plead
 At thy bolted door;
 Now is the hour of thy soul's great need,
 'Tis now or nevermore.
- 3 Some will go out from the house to-night
 Full of trust in God,
 Happy in heart, made pure and white
 By Jesus' precious blood;
 Go not away, poor wand'rer, stay
 Till thou too art free!
 Walking with Christ life's happy way,
 Most blessed thus shalt be.

- 4 Waiting a moment more for thee,
 Jesus still entreats;
 Soon will the knocking ended be,
 That now thy closed hearts beats;
 Stay, sinner, stay at Mercy's door,
 Seek the open gate;
 Sinner, decide lest hope be o'er,
 And thou shouldst be too late.

22. **JESUS IS CALLING.**

SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling,
 Calling for you and for me;
 See on the portals he's waiting and watching,
 Watching for you and for me.

- 2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
 Pleading for you and for me,
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies?
 Mercies for you and for me.
- 3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
 Passing from you and from me;
 Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
 Coming for you and for me.
- 4 O for the wonderful love he has promised,
 Promised for you and for me;
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon,
 Pardon for you and for me.

THE INVITATION.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

TURN TO THE LORD.

HELL is darkness—deep and awful;
Then poor sinner turn and flee;
Heaven is light—all bright and joyful;
And its light may shine on thee.

CHORUS:

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of Jesus' name,
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

2 Hell is fire—forever burning;
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
Mercy waits for thy returning,
With a pardon full and free.

3 Hell is deep—without a bottom;
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
Deeper down than Tyre and Sidon
Must the Christ rejecter be.

4 Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;
Though the Spirit long has striven,
He'll not always strive with thee.

STILL OUT OF CHRIST.

[Joy and Gladness.]

STILL out of Christ, when so oft he has
call'd you
Why will you longer refuse to believe?
What can you hope from the world or its
pleasures?
How can you trust them, when both will de-
ceive?

REFRAIN:

Come, come to Jesus, weary, heavy-hearted,
Come, come to Jesus while you may;

- Now he is waiting, waiting to receive you,
Hark, he is calling you to-day.
- 2 Still out of Christ, and the moments so
precious,
Night is approaching, O what will you do?
Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the
fountain,
Free are its waters, and flowing for you.
- 3 Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mercy,
If you are willing to turn from your sin;
Yonder he stands, at the door of salvation,
Waiting to pardon and welcome you in.
- 4 Still out of Christ, and the love he has prom-
is'd,
How you are longing that love to receive;
Haste, where the star of your faith is directing,
Haste, and this moment repent and believe.

COMING TO THE CROSS.

*Beulah 8.**W. McDonald.*

I AM coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS:

I am trusting, Lord, in thee;
Bless'd Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil dwelt within,
Jesus sweetly speaks to me:
"I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine forevermore.
- 3 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
- 5 Jesus comes, he fills my soul,
Perfect in love I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

WHAT can wash away my sins?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHORUS:

Oh! precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow,
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 2 For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- 4 Thence I have my righteousness—
 All through the blood of Jesus;
 Thence I have my hope and peace—
 All through the blood of Jesus.

THE WELCOME VOICE.

[*L. Hartsough, by per.*]

I HEAR thy welcome voice
 That calls me, Lord, to thee
 For cleansing in thy precious blood
 That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS:

- I am coming, Lord!
 Coming now to thee!
 Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
 That flowed on Calvary.
- 2 Tho' coming, weak and vile,
 Thou dost my strength assure,
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse
 Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
 To perfect faith and love,
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 For earth and heaven above.

- 4 And he the witness gives,
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled
 If faith but brings the plea.
- 5 All hail atoning blood!
 All hail redeeming grace!
 All hail the gift of Christ our Lord
 Our strength and righteousness!
-
29. THE PENITENT PLEADING.
- SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live.
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin
 And make my guilty conscience clean,
 Here on my heart the burden lies
 And past offenses pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just, in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering 'round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there—
Some sure support against despair.

30. **JUST AS I AM.**

Tri. 19.

J. H. Stockton.

- J**UST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me.
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
“Fightings within and fears without,”
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind—
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O lamb of God! I come! I come.

31. **GET UNDER THE BLOOD.**

- O** MOURNER in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now;
Fear not to rely on the Word of thy God;
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.
- 2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
“For ye shall be filled;” O hear that sweet
voice!
Inviting you now to the banquet of God;
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.
- 3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O poor troubled soul! there's a promise for
thee;
Thou shalt rest, weary one, in the bosom of
God;
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.
- 4 The promise don't save, though each promise
is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us
through;
It cleanses me now—Oh, glory to God!
We rest on the promise—we're under the blood.

32.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

- C**OME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest
By trusting in his Word.

CHORUS:

Only trust him, only trust him,
 Only trust him now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
 Rich blessing to bestow;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

I NEED thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord;
 No tender voice like thine
 Can peace afford.

CHORUS:

I need thee, oh! I need thee,
 Every hour I need thee;
 O bless me now, my Savior,
 I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour;
 Stay thou near by;
 Temptations lose their power
 When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour;
 Teach me thy will,
 And thy rich promises
 In me fulfill.

JESUS LOVES YOU.

BRING your every care to Jesus,
 Jesus, your Almighty Friend,
 He will carry all your burdens,
 Love and keep you to the end.

CHORUS:

Jesus loves you, Jesus loves you,
 Jesus your Almighty Friend;
 He will carry all your burdens,
 Love and keep you to the end.

2 Bring your every grief to Jesus,
 Who has suffered so for you;
 Think you he will slight your sorrow,
 He, the Faithful and the True?

3 Bring your every joy to Jesus,
 For he smiles to see you glad;
 He would have his children happy,
 Never gloomy, never sad.

- 4 Give yourself away to Jesus;
O he longs to make you blest;
He will bring you safe to glory,
Where the ransomed are at rest.

35.

THE REDEEMER'S TEARS.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears!
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

36.

CLEANSE ME, O LORD.

[Beulah Songs, 89.]

CREATE in me, Lord, a new heart and all
clean!
My spirit renew and control,
And then will I lead the transgressor to thee,
For thou only savest the soul.

REFRAIN:

Cleanse me, O Lord! Cleanse me, O Lord!
Cleanse! Cleanse in the Blood of the Lamb!

- 2 My sins, though as scarlet, make white in the
blood,
Thou'st promised to cleanse them as snow;
Though red, like to crimson, oh! make them as
wool,
Thy love is sufficient I know.

- 3 In David's glad house is the fountain prepared,
It flows for uncleanness and sin;
Oh! help me, dear Lord, its great virtues to
test,
Oh! wash me without and within.

- 4 To thee I am coming, confessing my want,
Thy faithfulness, Lord, I believe;
My guilt put away, and then cleanse me, dear
Lord,
Thine uttermost grace I'd receive.

- 5 The gift of thy power—a baptismal fire—
My Pentecost let it now be;
Thus sealed as I'm cleansed, and henceforth to
be thine,
Forever kept only by thee.

37.

I'M REDEEMED.

[Beulah Songs, 31.]

JESUS, Lord, I come to thee,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
Set my longing spirit free,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

CHORUS:

I'm redeem'd, redeem'd,
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
I'm redeem'd, redeem'd,
I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

- 2 Speak, and let my heart be clean, Wash'd, etc.
Fully sav'd from inbred sin, Wash'd, etc.
- 3 Cleanse me, wash me white as snow, Wash'd,
etc.
Let me all thy fulness know, Wash'd, etc.
- 4 To my heart the bliss reveal, Wash'd, etc.
Fix on me the Spirit's seal, Wash'd, etc.
- 5 All thy fulness now I claim, Wash'd, etc.
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Wash'd, etc.
- 6 I am sav'd by blood divine, Wash'd, etc.
All the bliss of faith is mine, Wash'd, etc.

OVER THE LINE.

38.

⑥ H! TENDER and sweet was the master's
voice,
As he lovingly called to me,
"Come over the line, it is only a step—
I am waiting, my child, for thee."

CHORUS:

"Over the line"—hear the sweet refrain,
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain;
"Over the line"—Why should I remain
With a step between me and Jesus?

- 2 But my sins are many, my faith is small,
Lo! the answer came quick and clear:
"Thou need'st not trust in thyself at all,
Step over the line, I am here."
- 3 But my flesh is weak, I tearfully said,
And the way I cannot see;
I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
And thus may dishonor thee.
- 4 Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back,
Press forward I surely must;
I will place my hand in his wounded palm,
Step over the line and trust.
- 5 "Over the line"—hear the sweet refrain,
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain:
"Over the line"—I will not remain,
I'll cross it and go to Jesus.

WILT THOU?

39.

*Tri. 98.**W. J. Kirkpatrick.*

HEAR the footsteps of Jesus,
He is now passing by,
Bearing balm for the wounded,
Healing all who apply;
As he spake to the sufferer
Who lay at the pool,
He is saying this moment:
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

CHORUS:

Wilt thou be made whole?
Wilt thou be made whole?

SEEKING THE LORD.

O come, weary sufferer,
O come, sin-sick soul,
See the life stream is flowing,
See the cleansing waves roll,
Step into the current,
And thou shalt be whole.

2 'Tis the voice of that Savior,
Whose merciful call
Freely offers salvation
To one and to all;
He is now beck'ning to him
Each sin-tainted soul,
And is lovingly asking,
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

3 Are you halting and struggling,
O'erpowered by your sin,
While the waters are troubled
Can you not enter in?
Lo! the Savior stands waiting
To strengthen your soul,
He is earnestly pleading,
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

4 Blessed Savior assist us
To rest on thy word:
Let the soul-healing power
On us now be outpoured;
Wash away every sin-spot,
Take perfect control,
Say to each trusting spirit—
"Thy faith makes thee whole?"

SEEKING THE LORD.

WANDERING.

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
From his light-house evermore,
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

CHORUS:

Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother,
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

I AM LISTENING.

Spiritual Songs, 10.

W. S. Marshall.

DO you hear the Savior calling?
By the wooings of his voice,
Do you hear the accents falling?
Will you make the precious choice?

CHORUS:

I am list'ning, oh! I'm list'ning
Just to hear the accents fall;
I am list'ning, oh! I'm list'ning
To the Savior's gentle call.

- 2 By his Spirit he is wooing—
Softly drawing us to him,
Thro' the day and night pursuing,
With his gentle voice to win.
- 3 By the Word of Truth he's speaking
To the wand'ring, erring ones;
List the voice the stillness breaking!
Hear the sweet and solemn tones.
- 4 In his Providential dealings,
Even in his stern decrees,
In the loudest thunder pealings,
Or the murmuring of the breeze.

COME TO SAVE.

FLOODS of mercy break around us,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
Fetters fall that long have bound us.
Jesus comes, comes to save.

CHORUS:

- Hallelujah! joyful story:
Jesus comes, the King of Glory,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Jesus comes, comes to save.
- 2 While like rain our tears are falling,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
While these souls for help are calling
Jesus comes, comes to save.

- 3 Glorious light is drawing o'er us,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
And the way grows bright before us,
Jesus comes, comes to save.
- 4 Hallelujah! saints are singing,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus comes, comes to save.

ARISE MY SOUL.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears,
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

CHORUS:

- Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all the race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

PARDON AND ADOPTION.

CHORUS:

Sweetest note in seraph's song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love my blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.
- 3 Come, brethren, help me sing the praise,
O praise the name of Jesus,
And sisters, all your voices raise
To bless the name of Jesus.
And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
The name, the name of Jesus.

AT THE CROSS.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my sovereign die,
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS:

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the
light.
And the burden of my heart rolled away,

PARDON AND ADOPTION.

- 3 But there, in that dark lonely hour
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, "Christ the Redeemer hath power
To save a poor sinner like thee."
- 4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me."
- 5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh! what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with praises,
For he saved a poor sinner like me.
- 6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
- 7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever
For saving poor sinners like me,

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

[Wm. Hunter.]

THE great physician now is near—
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus
Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus:
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

CHORUS:

Sweetest note in seraph's song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love my blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.
 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 O how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.
- 3 Come, brethren, help me sing the praise,
 O praise the name of Jesus,
 And sisters, all your voices raise
 To bless the name of Jesus.
 And when to that bright world above,
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love,
 The name, the name of Jesus.

AT THE CROSS.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed,
 And did my sovereign die,
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

CHORUS:

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the
 light.
 And the burden of my heart rolled away,

It was there by faith I received my sight,
 And now I am happy on the way.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut its glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 When his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

A RULER once came to Jesus by night
 To ask him the way of salvation and
 light.
 The Master made answer in words true and
 plain:
 Ye must be born again.

CHORUS:

Ye must be born again,
 Ye must be born again,
 I verily, verily say unto thee,
 Ye must be born again.

- 2 Ye children of men attend the word
 So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord,
 And let not his message to you be in vain:
 Ye must be born again.
- 3 O ye who would enter that glorious rest,
 And sing with the ransomed the song of the
 blest,
 The life everlasting if ye would obtain:
 Ye must be born again.
- 4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see,
 At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee,
 Then list to the notes of this solemn refrain:
 Ye must be born again.

THERE IS A SPOT.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
 Than native vale or mountain;
 A spot for which affection's tear
 Springs grateful from its fountain;
 'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
 Though that is almost heaven;
 But where I first my Savior found,
 And felt my sins forgiven.

- 2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
 Long tossed upon the ocean;
 Above me was the thunder's roar;
 Beneath the wave's commotion;
 Darkly the pall of night was thrown
 Around me, faint with terror,
 In that dark hour how did my groan
 Ascend for years of error!
- 3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
 I knew not help was near me,
 And cried, "Oh! save me, Lord, from death,
 Immortal Jesus, hear me."
 Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
 My Savior stood before me;
 I saw his brightness round me shine,
 And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"
- 4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee:
 And when from earth I rise to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more,
 Where I was first forgiven.

VOWS RENEWED.

⑨ HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
 On thee, my Savior and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fix'd on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 'Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

50. I HAVE TAKEN UP THE CROSS.

I HAVE taken up the cross of Christ,
 And I'll bear it if he gives me grace,
 It will make each heavy burden light,
 If he shows me the smiling of his face.

CHORUS:

- O the cross, I will bear it in love, in love;
 O the crown, I shall wear it in heaven above.
- 2 I have taken up the cross to-day;
 I will in my Savior's footsteps go;
 He will guide me in the narrow way,
 'Till my pilgrimage is ended here below.

- 3 I have taken up the cross at last,
 And I nevermore will lay it down;
 Then, when toils and cares of life are past,
 Enter heaven and receive a glorious crown.

51. DECISION.

[C. Wesley.]

AND can I, yet I delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?

CHORUS:

I take the narrow way;
 I take the narrow way;
 With the resolute few who dare to go through,
 I take the narrow way.

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink by dying love compelled,
 And own the conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all, resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove;
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

- 5 My one desire be this:
 Thy only love to know;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

LET ME DIE.

- ⑥ GOD, my heart doth long for thee,
 Let me die! let me die!
 Now set my soul at liberty;
 Let me die! let me die!
 Die to the trifling things of earth,
 They're now to me of little worth;
 My Savior calls—I'm going forth,
 Let me die! let me die!
- 2 Thy slaying power in me display,
 Let me die! let me die!
 I must be dead from day to day;
 Let me die! let me die!
 Dead to the world and its applause,
 To all its customs, fashions, laws
 Of those who hate the humbling cross,
 Let me die! let me die!
- 3 My friends may say I'll ruined be,
 If I die! if I die!
 If I leave all to follow thee,
 But I'll die! but I'll die!
 Their arguments will never weigh,
 Nor stand the trying judgment day;
 Help me to cast them all away,
 Let me die! let me die!

- 4 O I must die to scoffs and sneers;
 Let me die! let me die!
 I must be freed from slavish fears;
 Let me die! let me die!
 So dead that no desire shall rise
 To appear good, or great, or wise
 In any but my Savior's eyes,
 Let me die! let me die!
- 5 If Christ would live and reign in me,
 I must die! I must die!
 Like him I crucified must be,
 I must die! I must die!
 Lord, drive the nails nor heed the groans,
 My flesh may writhe and make its moans,
 But this's the way and this alone,
 I must die! I must die!
- 5 Begin at once to drive the nail,
 I must die! I must die!
 O suffer not my heart to fail,
 Let me die! let me die!
 Jesus, I look to thee for power
 T' enable me to endure the hour
 When, crucified by sovereign power,
 I shall die! I shall die!
- 7 When I am dead! then, Lord, to thee,
 I will live! I will live!
 My time, my strength, my all to thee;
 Will I give! will I give!
 O may the Son now make me free,
 Here, Lord, I give my all to thee,
 For time, and all eternity,
 I will live! I will live!

- 8 The carnal mind once bothered me,
 But it died! but it died!
 He sanctified and made me free;
 So it died! so it died!
 So dead that no desire shall rise
 To appear good, or great, or wise,
 In any but my Savior's eyes,
 So I live! so I live!

ALL FOR JESUS.

*Wm. H. 63.**Mary D. James.*

ALL for Jesus, all for Jesus—
 All my being's ransomed powers—
 All my thoughts and words and doings—
 All my days and my hours.

CHORUS:

- All for Jesus gladly I resign,
 All for Jesus, he alone is mine,
 Blessed Jesus; all for thee,
 Thou art all in all to me.
- 2 Let my hands perform his bidding,
 Let my feet run in his ways,
 Let my eyes see Jesus only,
 Let my lips speak forth his praise.
- 3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty—
 Cling to gilded toys of dust—
 Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure,
 Only Jesus will I trust.

- 4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside,
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the Crucified.
- 5 O what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings,
 Deigns to call me his beloved.
 Lets me rest beneath his wings.

SELF ABASEMENT.

[G. H. Com. 74.]

Oh! to be nothing, nothing,
 Only to lie at his feet
 A broken and emptied vessel.
 For the Master's use made meet,
 Emptied that he might fill me,
 As forth to his service I go;
 Broken that so unhindered
 His life through me might flow.

CHORUS:

- Oh! to be nothing, nothing,
 Only to lie at his feet,
 A broken and emptied vessel,
 For the Master's use made meet.
- 2 Oh! to be nothing, nothing,
 Only as led by his hand;
 A messenger at his gateway,
 Only waiting for his command;

Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at his will;
Willing, should he not require me,
In silence to wait on him still.

- 3 Oh! to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be;
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Savior see.
Rather be nothing, nothing—
To him let their voices be raised;
He is the fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Thine would I live, thine I would die,
Be thine through all eternity,
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God.
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess his love divine.

Genis G. 80.

G. D. Watson.

- (S) SWEET will of God, thou hast girded me
'round
Like the deep moving currents that girdle
the sea;
With omnipotent love is my poor nature
bound,
And his bondage to love sets me perfectly
free.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah! hallelujah! my soul is now free!
For the precious blood of Jesus cleanseth even
me.

- 2 For years my will wrestled with vague discon-
tent,
That like a sad angel o'ershadowed my way;
God's light in my soul with the darkness was
blent;
And my heart ever longed for an unclouded
day.
- 3 My wild will was captured, yet under the yoke
There was pain, and not peace, at the press
of the load,
Till the glorious burden the last fiber broke,
And I melted like wax in the furnace of
God.
- 4 And now I have flung myself recklessly out.
Like a chip on the stream of the Infinite Will;
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a
shout,
And I just let my God his dear purpose ful-
fill.

- 5 I care not for self; all my blessings and pains
 I gladly yield up to the mandate above;
 My crosses and triumphs, my losses and gains
 I bury them all in the vortex of love.
- 6 And now my King Jesus has all his own way;
 I want to but catch his low, whispering
 word;
 'Tis my bliss to lie low 'neath his scepters
 bright sway,
 For my triumph I see in each step of my
 Lord.

57.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

- L ORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
 Restore to thee thy own;
 And from this moment live or die
 To serve my God alone.

58.

SAVED FROM SIN.

Tune—"Whisper softly, Mother's dying."

- D RAW me near the Cross, dear Jesus,
 There is where I want to be;
 Fill me with thy Holy Spirit,
 Give me light and liberty,
 Oh! I'm longing for the Savior!
 Come thyself and dwell in me;
 Then, when all around seems darkness,
 Help me, Lord, to follow thee.

CHORUS:

- I will follow, follow Jesus,
 Trackless though the path may be;
 I will follow, follow Jesus—
 Follow where he leadeth me.
- 2 Thou hast saved me, precious Savior,
 From the last remains of sin;
 Now I'll follow where thou leadeth,
 Only keep me pure within.
 Keep me, Lord, where I'll obey thee,
 Though the light may all seem dim;
 In the darkest moments keep me
 Fully given up within.
- 3 Precious Jesus; oh! I love thee!
 For thou savest me from sin.
 Oh! the joy it gives to know thee,
 Oh! the perfect peace within.
 Earthly charms to me are nothing,
 Since I have thy love within;
 I am on my way rejoicing.
 Jesus saves me from all sin.

59.

ATONING BLOOD.

- T HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away,

- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

*Beulah 37.**E. H. Hoffman.*

HAVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing
power?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS:

- Are you wash'd in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the lamb?
- 2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the crucified?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes
be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions
bright?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
- 4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with
sin,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean;
O be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

- 2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin
And purifies the heart.
- 3 When Jesus makes my heart his throne
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! he saith: "I quickly come
To fully cleanse thy heart."
- 4 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord—
Come in, my Lord, come in.

62. DOWN AT THE CROSS.

*Beulah go.**J. H. Stockton.*

DOWN at the cross where the Savior died
 Down where for cleansing from sin
 cried,
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 Glory to his name.

CHORUS:

Glory to his name,
 Glory to his name,
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 Glory to his name.

- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin;
 Jesus so sweetly abides within,
 There at the cross where he took me in;
 Glory to his name.
- 3 O precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in,
 Here Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to his name.
- 4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet,
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet,
 Plunge in just now and be made complete;
 Glory to his name.

KEEP ME WHITE.

*Gems G. S. 58.**R. Hudson, by per.*

BLESSED Jesus, thou art mine,
 All I have is wholly thine;
 Thou dost dwell within my heart,

Thou dost reign in every part;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
 Keep me walking in the light. :||

- 2 I am safe within the fold,
 All my cares on thee are rolled;
 I enjoy the sweetest rest,
 For I am leaning on thy breast;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
 Keep me walking in the light. :||
- 3 Precious Jesus, day by day,
 Keep me in the holy way;
 Keep my mind in perfect peace;
 Every day my faith increase:
 ||: Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
 Keep me walking in the light. :||
- 4 Blessed Jesus, more and more
 On my soul thy spirit pour,
 By thy precious blood applied,
 Keep me wholly sanctified.

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Could my tears forever flow—
 Could my zeal no languor know—
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

HOLY REST.

- L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fix'd on things above;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in;
 Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove;
 To me the rest of faith impart—
 The Sabbath of thy love.

THE LIGHT YOKE.

- ⑥ **T**HAT my load of sin were gone:
 O that I could at last submit;
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
 Savior of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within—
 'Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
 Appear, in my poor heart appear!
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

ALL VICTORIOUS LOVE.

- J**ESUS, thine all victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 Oh! that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow;
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow.

- 3 Oh! that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sin consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.
- 4 Refining fire go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer rove:
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

68.

I BELIEVE—JESUS SAVES.

LET us sing of his love once again,
Of the love than can never decay;
Of the blood of the Lamb newly slain,
Till we praise him again in that day.

CHORUS:

||: I believe, Jesus saves,
And his blood makes me "whiter than snow.":

- 2 There is cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving blood;
There is life everlasting, and joy
At the right hand of God, through the blood.
- 3 Even now while we taste of his love
We are filled with delight at his name;
But what will it be, when above
We shall join the song of the Lamb?

- 4 Then we'll march in his name till we come
At his bidding to enter our rest;
And the Father shall welcome us home
To our place in the realms of the blest.
- 5 So with banner unfurled to the breeze,
Our motto shall holiness be,
'Till the crown at his hand we shall seize,
And the King in his glory we see.

69.

THE TRUE VINE.

THE voice of the Lord sweetly saith to me,
The true vine am I and the branches are
ye,
Abide ye in me, all ye branches of mine,
Abide, O abide, in the true living Vine.

CHORUS:

Lovely Vine, let thy life thro' us flow,
No life out of thee can we know,
Love all divine flowing ever thro' the Vine,
In thee will thy branches ever grow.

- 2 Thou, Father, all holy, the husbandman art,
The branch without fruit, will thy hand take
way,
O, all seeing eye, rather purge thou my heart,
Nor let me, dear Lord, from thee e'er go astray.
- 3 Much fruit may we bear to thy glory, O Lord,
As upward we grow through the vine unto thee,
Abiding in love and obeying thy word;
Thy branches forever and ever to be.

70. **THE BLOOD THAT CLEANSETH.**

THE blood that flowed from Calvary,
From all my sins now cleanseth me,
And I praise my Redeemer, my soul is free,
For the blood now cleanseth me.

CHORUS:

This fountain cleanseth from all sin,
And every one may now plunge in,
There's a fountain, a fountain of water and blood;
Ever flowing for you and for me.

2 O wonderful salvation this;
Unmeasured wealth of love and peace;
And I praise my Redeemer, my soul is free,
For the blood now cleanseth me.

3 With joy I tell to others round
What depth of mercy I have found,
And I praise my Redeemer, my soul is free,
For the blood now cleanseth me.

71. **CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.**

SAVIOR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee,
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

CHORUS:

Every day, every hour,
Let me know thy cleansing power,
May thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently, as I go,
Trusting thee, I can not stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
'Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

72. **SELF CRUCIFIED.**

[W. H. Craft.]

NOW crucified with Christ I am—
The self within is slain,
But still I live, and yet not I—
Christ lives in me again.

CHORUS:

I am sinking out of self—out of self into Christ,
Sinking out of self into Christ,
Sinking, sinking, sinking out of self,
Sinking out of self into Christ.

2 Dead to the world and sin I am,
Alive to God alone;
The life I have I live by faith
In God's beloved Son.

3 The throne of self within my heart,
The King of saints doth fill;
My spirit crowns him Lord of all,
And waits to do his will.

4 Hereafter it is no more I,
Or sin that ruleth me,
Reign, reign forever, blessed Christ,
My all I give to thee.

73.

A CLEAN HEART.

③ H! for a heart to praise my God—
 A heart from sin set free—
 A heart that always feels thy blood
 So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne:
 Where only Christ is heard to speak—
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh! for a lowly, contrite heart;
 Believing, true and clean;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him who dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart—
 Thy new best name, of love.

74.

I AM THE VINE.

I AM the vine and ye are the branches,
 Bear precious fruit for Jesus to-day,
 The branch in me that no fruit ever beareth
 Jesus hath said he taketh away.

CHORUS:

I am the vine and ye are the branches,
 I am the vine, be faithful and true,
 Ask what ye will, your prayer shall be granted
 The father lov'd me, so I have lov'd you.

2 Now ye are clean through words I have
 spoken;
 Abiding in me much fruit ye shall bear,
 Dwelling in thee my promise unbroken,
 Glory with me in heaven ye shall share.

3 Yes, by your fruit the world is to know you;
 Walking in love as children of day;
 Follow your Guide, he has passed on before
 you,
 Leading to realms of glorious day.

4 Whom the Lord loveth he shall be chastened,
 To bring forth pure fruit for Jesus the Lord,
 Stand in the furnace, the fourth shall be with
 you,
 While resting in Jesus' infinite Word.

75.

THE ONLY REFUGE.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 SANCTIFICATION.

- 70 er refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 73. Leave, O leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 Cleanse me from unrighteousness;
 Unworthy, Lord, and weak I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound:
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

76.

PENTECOSTAL POWER.

[Beulah Songs.]

TIS the very same power,
 The very same power;
 'Tis the very same power
 That they had at Pentecost;
 'Tis the pow'r, the power; [come down.
 'Tis the pow'r that Jesus promis'd should

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

78

- 2 While with one accord assembled,
 All in an upper room,
 Came the power, etc.
- 3 With cloven tongues of fire,
 And a rushing mighty wind,
 Came the power, etc.
- 4 'Twas while they all were praying,
 And believing it would come,
 Came the power, etc.
- 5 Some thought they were fanatic,
 Or were drunken with new wine;
 'Twas the power, etc.
- 6 Three thousand were converted,
 And were added to the church,
 By the power, etc.
- 7 The martyrs had this power,
 As they triumphed in the flames;
 'Twas the power, etc.
- 8 Our fathers had this power,
 And we may have it, too;
 'Tis the power, etc.
- 9 'Tis the very same power,
 For I feel it in my soul;
 'Tis the power, etc.

77. THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

[Beulah Songs.]

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
 And Jesus abides with me there;
 And his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
 And his perfect love casteth out fear.

CHORUS:

Oh! come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
 Where Jesus will fullness bestow—
 And believe, and receive, and confess him,
 That all his salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 And plenty the land doth impart,
 And there's rest for the weary, worn traveler's feet.
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 Such as none but the blood-wash'd may feel,
 When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
 And Christ sets his covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 That angels would fain join the strain,
 As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
 Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

78. WAITING AT THE POOL.

THOUSANDS stand to-day in sorrow,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Saying they will wash to-morrow,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Others step in left and right,
 Wash their stained garments white,
 Leaving you in sorrow's night,
 Waiting at the pool,
 Waiting, waiting, waiting at the pool.

2 Souls, your filthy garments wearing,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Hearts, your heavy burden bearing,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Can it be you never heard,
 Jesus long ago hath stirred
 The waters with his mighty word,
 Waiting at the pool?

3 Thousands once were standing near you,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Come their voices back to cheer you,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Back from Canaan's happy shore,
 Sorrows past and labor o'er,
 Where they stand in tears no more,
 Waiting at the pool.

4 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Calls to them across the water,
 Waiting at the pool;

You can never more embrace
Mother, or behold her face,
If you keep the leper's place,
Waiting at the pool.

- 5 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Jesus may no more invite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Faith is near you, take her hand,
Seek with her the better land,
And no longer doubting stand
Waiting at the pool.

WHITE AS SNOW.

AH! many years my burden'd heart,
Has sighed, has longed to know
The virtue of my Savior's blood,
That washes white as snow.

CHORUS:

There is pow'r in Jesus' blood.
There is pow'r in Jesus' blood:
There is pow'r in Jesus' blood
To wash me white as snow.

- 2 I heard the saints in rapture tell
How much a soul may know
Of Jesus' precious, cleansing blood,
That washes white as snow.
- 3 I came to Jesus sick and vile,
That I this grace might know,
And trusted in his precious blood
To wash me white as snow.

- 4 He cast on me a look of love,
Such as no words can show;
I felt within my very soul
He wash'd me white as snow.

- 5 I'll tell to every saint I meet,
To sinners high and low,
That, trusting in the Savior's blood,
It washes white as snow.

- 6 And when to that bright world above,
My raptur'd soul shall go,
My song shall be—the precious blood
Still washes white as snow.

THE CLEANSING STREAM.

Benlah 5.

Phoebe Palmer.

© H! now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHORUS:

The cleansing stream I see, I see.
I plunge, and oh! it cleanseth me!
Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me,
It cleanseth me! yes, cleanseth me.

- 2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood,
It speaks, polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light
Above the world and sin—
With heart made pure and garments white
And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace, 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know—
My Jesus crucified.

CLEANSING IN THE BLOOD.

*Beulah 2.**R. Hartsough, by per*

HOW bright the hope that Calvary brings!
Where love divine with mercy blends;
How full the joy that all may find!
Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.

CHORUS:

I am glad there is cleansing in the blood;
I am glad there is cleansing in the blood;
Tell the world—all the world,
There is cleansing in the Savior's blood.

- 2 'Tis there! 'tis there! the soul may go
And wash its sins and stains away;
Who gives up all—who comes by faith,
This cleansing finds without delay.
- 3 Speak, speak to Zion's burdened ones:
Lead, lead them up to Calvary's Mount;
The want of aching hearts is met,
By cleansing in redemption's fount.

- 4 Why need we struggle on with self?
We cannot make one black spot white;
'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone,
Can change and cleanse the heart aright.
- 5 I come! I come! and glad I am,
That Jesus calls the lost and vile;
There thousands have a cleansing found;
I'll heed the Savior's welcome smile.

FILL ME NOW.

*Tri. 48.**E. H. Stokes.*

HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit,
Bathe my trembling heart and brow,
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS:

Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Tho' I cannot tell thee how,
But I need thee, greatly need thee,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow,
Blest divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

- 4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me,
 Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
 Thou art comforting and saving,
 Thou art sweetly filling now.

83.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

*Win. H. 32.**Annie Witengre.*

ALL glory to Jesus be given,
 That life and salvation are free;
 And all may be washed and forgiven,
 For Jesus has saved even me.

CHORUS:

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
 And all his salvation may know;
 On his bosom I lean,
 And his blood makes me clean,
 For his blood washes whiter than snow.

- 2 From darkness, and sin and despair,
 Out into the light of his love,
 He has brought me and made me an heir
 To kingdoms and mansions above.
- 3 Oh! the rapturous heights of his love!
 The measureless depths of his grace!
 My soul all his fullness would prove,
 And live in his loving embrace.
- 4 In him all my needs are supplied,
 His love makes my heaven below,
 And freely his blood is applied,
 His blood, that makes whiter than snow.

84.

THE HALF NEVER TOLD.

I KNOW I love thee better, Lord,
 Than any earthly joy,
 For thou hast given me the peace
 Which nothing can destroy.

CHORUS:

The half has never yet been told,
 Of love so full and free;
 The half has never yet been told,
 The blood, it cleanseth me.

- 2 I know that thou art nearer still
 Than any earthly throng;
 And sweeter is the thought of thee
 Than any lovely song.
- 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
 Then well may I be glad!
 Without the secret of thy love
 I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Savior, precious Savior, mine!
 What wilt thy presence be,
 If such a life of joy can crown
 Our walk on earth with thee.

85.

BLISS OF THE PURIFIED.

[Rev. F. Bottoms.]

⑤ H! bliss of the purified, bliss of the free!
 I plunge in the crimson tide opened for
 me!
 O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
 And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

CHORUS:

Oh! sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh! bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine;
No longer in dread condemnation I pine,
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace;
Who lifted upon me the light of his face.
- 3 Oh! bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot
cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but in him may find
rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 Oh! Jesus, the crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the
grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."

[Tri. 123.]

⑥ H! blessed fellowship divine,
Oh! joy supremely sweet,
Companionship with Jesus here,
Makes life with bliss replete,
In union with the purest One,
I find my heaven on earth begun.

CHORUS:

Oh! wondrous bliss, Oh! joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time,
Oh! wondrous bliss, Oh! joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

- 2 I'm walking close to Jesus' side—
So close that I can hear
The softest whisper of his love,
In fellowship so dear,
And feel his great Almighty hand,
Protects me in this hostile land.
- 3 I'm leaning on his loving breast;
Along life's weary way,
My path, illumined by his smiles,
Grows brighter day by day,
No foes, no woes my heart can fear,
With my Almighty friend so near.

AMAZING GRACE.

AMAZING grace—how sweet the sound—
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace shall lead me home.

- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

PERSEVERANCE.

- M**Y soul, be on thy guard.
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
'Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death.
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

THE HOLY WAR.

THE holy war is raging,
And the foe is gathering 'round
To capture Zion's soldiers,
Or drive them from the ground.

CHORUS:

Don't you know that Zion's soldiers
Stand firmly in the fight?
And the more you do oppose them
The stronger is their might.

- 2 The foe steps quick and sprightly,
Like a spirit in their tramp;
But the roar of Judah's Lion
Throws terror in their camp.
- 3 We see the shining armor
Of the soldiers in the field;
The holy courage on their brow
Seems to say they will not yield.
- 4 We read upon their banners,
In words of living light,
That one can chase a thousand,
And two ten thousand fight.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

I WILL follow thee, my Savior,
Wheresoe'er my lot may be;
Where thou goest I will follow,
Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee.

CHORUS:

I will follow thee, my Savior,
Thou didst shed thy blood for me,
And tho' all men should forsake me,
By thy grace I'll follow thee.

2 Tho' the road be rough and thorny,
Trackless as the stormy sea,
Thou hast trod the way before me,
And I still will follow thee.

3 Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
Cheerless tho' my path may be,
If thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow thee.

4 Tho' I meet with tribulation,
Sorely tempted though I be;
I remember thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee.

5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep thou ledest me;
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.

91. LEAVING ALL FOR JESUS.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken.
Thou from hence my all shall be,
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

MARCHING TO ZION.

Tri. 74.

I. Watts.

COME ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS:

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
That beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
||: But children of the heavenly King :||
||: May speak their joys abroad. :||
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
||: Before we reach the heavenly fields, :||
||: Or walk the golden streets. :||
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
||: We're marching through Immanuel's
ground. :||
||: To fairer worlds on high. :||

93.

THE NARROW WAY.

I STORM the gate of strife,
I force my passage through;
And all intent on endless life,
The narrow way pursue.

CHORUS:

I take the narrow way,
I take the narrow way,
With the resolute few who dare to go through,
I take the narrow way.

- 2 I leave the world behind,
After the Lord to go,
Renouncing with the steadfast mind
Its pride, and pomp, and show.

- 3 No cumbrous garb I wear,
My progress to impede;
My pilgrim robe, divinely fair,
Is fashioned all for speed.
- 4 I can not slack my pace
For earth's fantastic show:
For like a flint I've set my face,
That I'll to Zion go.
94. **FROM EGYPT TO CANAAN.**
- THE old Israelites knew what it was that
they must do,
If fair Canaan they would possess—
They must still keep in sight of the pillar of
light
Which led on to the promised rest,
The camps on the road could not be their
abode;
But often as the trumpet did blow,
They all, glad of a chance of a further ad-
vance,
Must then take up their baggage and go.
- 2 I am thankful, indeed, for the Heavenly Head
Which before me has hitherto gone:
For that pillar of love which doth onward still
move,
And doth gather our souls into one.
Now the cross-bearing throng are advancing
along,
And a closer communion doth flow,
Now all who would stand on the promised land,
Let them take up their crosses and go.

- 3 The way is all new, as it opens to view,
And behind is the foaming Red Sea,
So none need to speak of the onions and leeks
Or to talk about garlicks to me.
On Jordan's near side I can never abide,
For no place here of refuge I see,
'Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot
Which the Lord God will give unto me.
- 4 What though some in the rear preach up ter-
ror and fear!
And complain of the trials they meet?
Though the giants before with great fury do
roar,
I'm resolved I will never retreat.
We are little, 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall;
But while I see a track I will never go back,
But go on at the risk of my all.
- 5 Now the bright morning dawns for the camp
to move on,
And the priests with their trumpets do blow
As the priests give the sound and the trumpets
resound,
And my soul is exulting to go.
If I'm faithful and true, and my journey pursue
'Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
I shall joyfully see what a blessing to me
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.
- 6 All my honors and wealth, all my pleasures
and health,
I am willing should now be at stake;
If my Christ I obtain, I shall think it great gain,
For the sacrifice which I shall make;

When all I have forsook, like a bubble 'twill
look,
From the midst of the glorified throng,
Where all losses are gain, and each sorrow and
pain
Are exchanged for the conqueror's song.

95.

THE SOLEMN CHARGE.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present ag
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

96.

TUNE—PILGRIM COMPANY.

9 N the carnal fields of mammon,
Where Apollyon's army lay,
And the servile hosts of Agar,
Are in battle full array;

We, a little band of Christians,
 All their forces dare to meet;
 For we're sounding forth the trumpet
 That shall never call retreat.

CHORUS:

No; never call retreat,
 No, never call retreat,
 We are sounding forth the trumpet
 That shall never call retreat.

- 2 We have raised the gospel banner,
 With its standard planted high,
 And, through Jesus, our Redeemer,
 We shall conquer, though we die.
 All the art of holy fighting
 We will learn at Jesus' feet,
 Who has bid us sound the trumpet
 That shall never call retreat.
- 3 We have drawn the sword for glory,
 And the scabbard thrown away,
 We have buckled on our armor,
 And are sure to win the day.
 With our head beneath the helmet,
 And the rock beneath our feet,
 We are sounding forth the trumpet,
 That shall never call retreat.

97. LO! THE GOLDEN FIELDS.

Tri. 63.

Fanny Cosby.

LO, the golden fields are smiling,
 Wherefore idle shouldst thou be?
 Great the harvest, few the workers,
 And the Lord hath need of thee.

Go and work, the time is waning;
 Let thy earnest heart reply
 To the call so oft repeated,
 "Blessed Master, here am I."

CHORUS:

Hark! the song, the song of busy workers,
 In the field so fair to see;
 Go and fill thy place among them,
 For the Lord hath need of thee.

- 2 Take the balm of consolation,
 This so oft has cheered thy heart;
 Let some weary brother toiler
 In thy comfort share a part,
 Go and lift the heavy burden
 He has struggled long to bear,
 Go, and kneeling down beside him,
 Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
- 3 Go and gather souls for Jesus—
 Precious souls thy love may win,
 Lead them to the door of mercy—
 Tell them how to enter in.
 Go and gather souls for Jesus,
 Work while strength and breath remain,
 What are years of constant labor,
 To the joy thou yet shalt gain.
- 4 Go then, work, the Master calleth,
 Go, no longer idle be;
 Waste no more thy precious moments,
 For the Lord hath need of thee,
 Once he gave his life thy ransom.
 That thy soul with him might live,
 Now the service he demandeth
 Can thy heart refuse to give?

98. REGRETTING WASTED YEARS.

MUST I go, and empty handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Not one day of service give him,
Lay no trophy at his feet.

CHORUS:

- "Must I go, and empty handed
Must I meet my Saviour so?
Not one soul with which to greet him,
Must I empty handed go?"
- 2 Not at death I shrink or falter,
For my Savior saves me now;
But to meet him empty handed—
Thought of that now clouds my brow.
- 3 Oh! the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Savior,
To his will I'd gladly bow.
- 4 O ye saints, arouse, be earnest.
Up and work while 'tis day,
E'er the night of death o'ertakes you
Strive for souls while yet you may.

99. THE GLAD FOREVER.

SOMETIMES think 'tis too good to be true,
When they talk of life's fair river,
Of the land so bright, where there falls no
night,
In the beautiful, the glad forever.

CHORUS:

- Oh! no matter what the world says,
No matter for its frowns,
No matter for the storms, no never;
If to Jesus you are true,
There's a glory waits for you,
In the beautiful, the glad forever.
- 2 I sometimes wish, when I'm weary and sad,
That the golden gates were nearer,
But I still can wait for a joy so great,
And I know the crown will be the dearer.
- 3 I sometimes ask when I think of the end,
Will the Lord on me have pity?
Will he bid me come to the dear, dear home,
In the beautiful, the glad forever?

100. IN THE RIFTED ROCK.

Ben. 19.

Mary D. James.

IN the rifted rock I'm resting,
Safely shelter'd I abide,
Where no foes—no storms—molest me,
While within the cleft I hide.

CHORUS:

- Now I'm resting, sweetly resting,
In the cleft once made for me;
Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages,
I will hide myself in thee.
- 2 Long pursued by sin and Satan,
Weary, sad, I long'd for rest,
Then I found this heav'nly shelter,
Open'd in my Savior's breast.

- 3 Peace, which passeth understanding,
Joy the world can never give,
Now in Jesus I am finding,
In his smiles of love I live.
- 4 In the Rifted Rock I'll hide me,
'Till the storms of life are past,
All secure in this blest refuge,
Heeding not the fiercest blast.

101.

I'M A SOLDIER.

- I'M a soldier bound for glory,
I'm a soldier marching on;
Come and hear me tell my story—
All who long in sin have gone.
I love Jesus, Hallelujah, I love Jesus, yes I do;
I love Jesus, he's my Savior; Jesus smiles and
loves me too.
- 2 I will tell you what induced me
For the better land to start:
'Twas the Savior's loving kindness
Overcome and won my heart.
- 3 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said, "He'll turn again;"
But, though every day resisted,
In the ranks I still remain.
- 4 I'm a wonder unto many,
God alone the change hath wrought;
Here I raise my "Ebenezer,"
Hither by his help I'm brought.

- 5 Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
Like a soldier I shall come;
Then I mean to shout salvation,
And go singing glory home.

SECOND CHORUS.

There's a victor's crown forever,
There's a throne in heaven for you,
If in faith and brave endeavor
Always to your Lord you're true.

102.

FOR VICTORIOUS FAITH.

- (5) FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God:—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without:
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile.
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile:—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
'Till life's last hour is fled.
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

MARCHING ON.

103.

MARCHING on, in the light of God,
Marching on, I am marching on—
Up the path that the Master trod;
Marching, marching on.

A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
A victor's palm, a joy untold,
Are mine when I get there.

- 2 Marching on, through the hosts of sin:
Victory's mine while I've Christ within.
- 3 Marching on, while the skeptics sneer—
Perfect love casteth out all fear.
- 4 Marching on, with flag unfurled,
Preaching Christ to the dying world.
- 5 Marching on, with the "Blood and Fire."
On, till the Lord shall say, "Come up higher."

TRIUMPH.

104.

AM I a soldier of the cross—
A foll'wer of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
In this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar—
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

105. **OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.**

COME all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain,
Come view your home beyond the tide,
Hear now the voices of your lov'd ones,
What they sing on the other side—
Some are singing of bright crowns of glory;
Some of dear ones who stand near the shore;
For the fond heart must ever be clinging
To the faithful we love evermore.

CHORUS:

O the prospect! it is so transporting,
And no danger I fear from the tide;
Let me go to the home of the Christian,
Let me stand rob'd in white by their side.

- 2 There endless springs of life are flowing,
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the King of the saints is seen.
Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended;
I shall join those who've pass'd on before;
For my loved ones, O how I do miss them!
I must press on and meet them once more.

- 3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne;
here, too, the Savior reigns forever,
And he'll welcome the faithful home.
Would you sit by the banks of the river
With the friends you have loved by your
side?
Would you join in the song of the angels?
Then be ready to follow your guide.

106.

WORK FOR JESUS.

WE have toil'd in many vineyards,
We have toil'd thro' many a day,
Toil'd for thee, O blessed Jesus,
Worn for thee our strength away.

CHORUS:

And we still will work for Jesus,
Work for him has blessed pay;
We will ever work for Jesus,
Work for him our lives away.

- 2 We have toil'd thro' storm and sunshine,
Summer's heat and winter's cold;
Toil is sweet in youth's bright morning—
Sweet when men are growing old.
- 3 We have toil'd in human gardens,
Digging, sowing, pruning, too.
Praying for the dew and sunshine,
On the work we found to do.
- 4 Lo! the garden blooms with flowers,
Fragrance fills the blessed air;
Living, dying, precious brethren,
Toil for Jesus everywhere.

107.

DARK IS THE NIGHT.

DARK is the night, and cold the wind is
blowing.
Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar,
Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?
Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er.

CHORUS:

- With his loving hand to guide, let the clouds
above me roll,
And the billows in their fury dash around me:
I can brave the wildest storm, with his glory in
my soul
I can sing amidst the tempest—Praise the
Lord!
- 2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe he will lead me through the pathless
waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

- 3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking;
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing.
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

108. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

WHO are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the border of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

CHORUS:

||: "Sweeping through the gates" to the New
Jerusalem,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb." ||

- 2 These, these are they who in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
- 3 Safe, safe upon the ever shining shore,
Sin, pain and death, and sorrow, all are o'er;
Happy now, and evermore,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

109. SALVATION SOLDIER.

I'M a Salvation soldier—
One of the noisy crew;
I shout when I am happy,
And that I mean to do.
Some say I am too noisy,
I know the reason why;
And if they felt the glory
They'd shout as well as I.
Glory! Hallelujah! I'm on my journey home.

- 2 They sing and shout in heaven—
It is their heart's delight;
I'll shout when I am happy,
And that with all my might.
I've Jesus Christ within me—
He's turned the devil out:
And when I feel the glory
It makes me sing and shout.
- 3 My sins are all forgiven,
Which did as mountains rise;
My title's clear for heaven—
Yon country in the skies.
God's saints are my companions,
I'm bound for endless day,
And, though the storms are raging,
I'll sail along the way.
- 4 I'll sail o'er life's rough ocean
With glory's port in view
And Calvary's Royal Pilot
Will steer the vessel through.
I'll shout o'er death's dark river;
But when I join the throng,
For ever and for ever
I'll roll the theme along.

110.

PRAISE THE LORD.

THIS is the way I long have sought,
Glory, hallelujah!
And mourned because I found it not,
Praise ye the Lord!

CHORUS:

When the battle's over we shall wear a crown,
 We shall wear a crown,
 We shall wear a crown,
 And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown
 In the New Jerusalem.

- 2 I've listed during all this war,
 Content to have a soldier's fare.
- 3 This war is all my soul's delight,
 I love the thickest of the fight.
- 4 The hottest fight has just begun,
 And who will stand and never run?
- 5 We want no cowards in this band,
 We call for full salvation men.
- 6 Ye fully sanctified march on
 Until the conquest we have won.
- 7 I do know he saves my soul,
 He sanctifies and makes me whole.
- 8 The blessed Jesus is my friend.
 And he'll go with me to the end.
- 9 O hallelujah to the Lamb!
 He makes and keeps me what I am.

111. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

WHILE fighting for my Savior here,
 The devil tries me hard;
 He uses all his mighty power
 My progress to retard,
 He's up to every move,
 But yet through all I prove,
 A little talk with Jesus puts it right.

CHORUS:

Oh! a little talk with Jesus puts it right,
 A little talk with Jesus puts it right;
 Through trials of every kind.
 Praise God! I always find
 A little talk with Jesus puts it right.

- 2 Though dark the night, and clouds look black
 And stormy overhead;
 And trials of every kind
 Across my path are spread:
 How soon I conquer all,
 As to the Lord I call;
 A little talk with Jesus puts it right.
- 3 When those who once were dearest friends,
 Begin to prosecute;
 And those who once professed to love
 Have silent grown and mute,
 I tell him all my grief,
 He quickly sends relief:
 A little talk with Jesus puts it right.
- 4 Whene'er the fight seems getting dull,
 And weariness draws nigh,
 And Satan, in his craftiness,
 Whispers, "No longer try"
 I fall upon my knees,
 The devil quickly flees:
 A little talk with Jesus puts it right.
- 5 And thus, by frequent little talks
 I gain the victory,
 And march along with cheerful song,
 Enjoying liberty.

With Jesus as my friend,
I'll prove unto the end
A little talk with Jesus puts it right.

SECOND CHORUS:

A constant talk with Jesus keeps it right, etc.

112.

ONE IN CHRIST.

LET party names no more,
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where realms of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

113.

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of the church below,
Hear us, who thy nature share—
Who thy mystic body are
Join us, in one spirit join;
Let us still receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member reel his share.
Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
Names, and sects, and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

114

UNION IN CHRIST.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Make us into one spirit drink—
Baptize into thy name—
And let us always kindly think
And sweetly speak the same.

3 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

115.

CHRIST'S CHURCH.

I LOVE thy Church, O God—
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand—
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows.
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

116.

O JESUS, MY SAVIOR.

- I LOVE thee, I love thee, my Lord:
I love thee, my Savior, I love thee, my God;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
know,
But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure and long to be there
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
- 3 O Jesus, my Savior! with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my
song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my
tongue.

- 4 O who's like my Savior! he's Salem's bright
King!
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me
sing:
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud
and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

117.

JESUS CALLS ME.

- JESUS calls me; I am going
Where he opens up my way,
To the toiling of his vineyard.
Shrinking not a single day.
Friends may shun me, toils await me,
Crucifixion be my lot;
But I've chosen Christ, my Savior,
I am going, call me not.
- 2 Jesus calls me, I am going
To the life he wills for me;
This poor world can't fill the aching
Of my heart or set it free.
O, what anxious, bitter sorrow
Does the world give with its strife;
But with Jesus—O what glory!
Ending in eternal life.
- 3 Jesus calls me: I am going
To the washing of his blood—
Healing now, and purifying
All who test the crimson flood:
Flesh may cry, not now—to-morrow—
Idols raise with wonted power:
Jesus help me, come and help me!
Jesus take me hour by hour.

110 COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT.

4 Jesus calls me; I am going
To the mansions all prepared,
These for thee, for all, says Jesus,
Who my pow'r hath here declar'd.
Knowing this complete Salvation—
This that saves from inbred sin,
Why not tell to all around me,
Jesus can make wholly clean?

5 Jesus calls me; I am going—
O that all would test with me
All the power of Christ's Salvation,
For the fountain's full and free.
Test the grace so freely offered,
Know the worth of Christ within;
Rise and share the bliss transcendent—
Freedom from the power of sin.

118. TRIM YOUR LAMPS.

9 H! ye saints, the Lord is coming for his
own,
From the kingdom of his father upon high,
Soon his glory will be streaming from his
throne:
Yes, the bridegroom is coming by and by.

CHORUS:

Trim your lamps and be ready, ready, ready,
Trim your lamps and be ready
When the bridegroom comes.

2 Let the church awake and put her garments on,
And her lamps be trimmed and burning—
God is nigh;

COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT. 111

Let the lost return before the day is gone,
For the bridegroom is coming by and by.

3 May the formal ones awake before that day,
When the Lord descends in judgment from
on high,
For all the oil of grace is burned away,
And the bridegroom is coming by and by.

4 When the foolish from their slumbers shall
awake,
To the virgins wise they then in vain shall
cry;
When the deafening thunders o'er their heads
shall break,
O the bridegroom is coming by and by.

119. THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

Gems. 11.,

R. E. Hudson, by per.

ARE you ready for the bridegroom when
he comes, when he comes?
Are you ready for the bridegroom when he
comes, when he comes?
Behold! he cometh! Behold! he cometh!
Be robed and ready, for the bridegroom comes.

CHORUS:

Behold the bridegroom, for he comes, for he
comes!
Behold the bridegroom, for he comes, for he
comes!
Behold! he cometh! Behold! he cometh!
Be robed and ready, for the bridegroom comes.

112 COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT.

- 2 Have your lamps trimmed and burning
When he comes, when he comes;
Have your lamps trimmed and burning
When he comes, when he comes;
He quickly cometh! he quickly cometh!
O soul, be ready when the bridegroom
comes!
- 3 We will all go out to meet him
When he comes, when he comes;
We will all go out to meet him
When he comes, when he comes;
He surely cometh! he surely cometh!
We'll go to meet him when the bridegroom
comes.
- 4 We'll chant alleluiahs
When he comes, when he comes;
We will chant alleluiahs
When he comes, when he comes;
Lo! now he cometh! Lo! now he cometh!
Sing alleluiah! for the bridegroom comes.

120. WHEN JESUS COMES.

Gen. H. Cont. 250.

Fannie Crosby.

WHEN Jesus comes to reward his servants,
Whether it be noon or night.
Faithful to him will he find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright.

CHORUS:

O can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will he find you and me still watching,
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT. 113

- 2 If at the dawn of the early morning
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will he answer thee—Well done?
- 3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us
We shall have a glorious rest.
- 4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watch-
ing,
In his glory they shall share;
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight
Will he find us watching there?

121. WATCH AND PRAY.

WATCH and pray, that when the master
cometh,
If at morning, noon or night,
He may find a lamp in every window,
Trimmed and burning, clear and bright.

CHORUS:

Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth,
Watch and pray, 'twill not be long;
Soon he'll gather home his loved ones
To the happy vale of song.

- 2 Watch and pray, the tempter may be near us,
Keep the heart with jealous care,
Lest the door, a moment left unguarded,
Evil thoughts may enter there.

114 COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT

- 3 Watch and pray, nor let us ever weary;
 Jesus watched and prayed alone;
 Prayed for us when only stars beheld him,
 While on Olives' brow they shone.
- 4 Watch and pray, nor leave the post of duty;
 'Till we hear the bridegroom's voice,
 Then with him the marriage feast partaking
 We shall evermore rejoice.

122. THE JUDGMENT.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?

CHORUS:

We are passing away,
 We are passing away,
 We are passing away,
 To the great Judgment Day.

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live—
 With what religious fear—
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behavior here?
- 4 Thou awful judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow;
 So shall I to my ways take heed
 To all I speak or do

COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT. 115

- 5 If thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel thee near,
 And make my peace with God before
 I at thy bar appear.

123. WHO WILL STAND.

WHEN the trump of God shall sound,
 And the nations gather 'round,
 And the judge shall sit upon his royal throne,
 Who will hear the welcome word
 From the lips of Christ, the Lord,
 "Enter in, good and faithful, with my own."

CHORUS:

Who shall be able then to stand?
 Who shall be able then to stand?
 All who trust in Christ, the Lord,
 And obey his holy word,
 These shall be able then to stand.

- 2 When the deluge swept the world,
 And to death its millions hurled,
 And the waters covered over all the land,
 Those who trusted in the Lord,
 And obeyed his holy word.
 These are all that were able then to stand.
- 3 When the cities of the plain
 Were enveloped in the flame,
 And destruction swept the multitudes away,
 There was just a little band
 Who were able then to stand,
 In that great and awful judgment day.

116 COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT.

4 When the day of wrath shall come,
And the day of mercy gone,
And to judgment they are called from every
land,
Sinner, how is it with thee?
Christian, how then shall it be?
Shall we all be able then to stand?

124. THE FINAL GATHERING.

AT the sounding of the trumpet when the
saints are gathered home,
We will greet each other by the crystal sea,
With friends and all the loved ones there await-
ing us to come,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

CHORUS:

What a gathering, gathering,
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!
What a gathering, gathering,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be.
2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims that
time shall be no more,
We shall gather, and the saved and ransom'd
see,
Then to meet together on the bright celestial
shore,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be.
3 At the great and final judgment, when the hid-
den comes to light,
When the Lord in all his glory we shall see,
At the bidding of our Savior, "Come ye blessed
to my right,"
What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT. 117

4 When the golden harps are sounding, and the
angel bands proclaim,
In triumphant strains the glorious jubilee,
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Moses
and the Lamb,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

125. THE JUDGMENT DAY.

[*L. Hartsongh, by per.*]

THE judgment day is coming, coming,
coming,
The judgment day is coming;
Oh! that great day!

CHORUS:

Let us take the wings of the morning,
And fly away to Jesus,
Let us take the wings of the morning,
And sound the jubilee.
2 I hear the trumpet sounding, sounding,
sounding,
hear the trumpet sounding,
Oh! that great day!
3 I hear the thunders rolling, etc.
4 I see the lightning flashing, etc.
5 I see the stars are falling, etc.
6 I see the dead arising, etc.

118 COMING OF THE LORD AND JUDGMENT.

126. THE SCENES OF THE JUDGMENT.

I'VE a long time been hearing,
That there will be a judgment,
That there will be a judgment in that day,
Oh! there will be a judgment in that day,
O sinner, where will you stand in that day

- 2 That the sun will be darkened, etc.
- 3 That the moon will be bleeding, etc.
- 4 That the trumpet will be sounding, etc.
- 5 That the judge will be descending, etc.
- 6 That the dead will be rising, etc.
- 7 That the books will be opened, etc.
- 8 That the wicked will be wailing, etc.
- 9 That the righteous will be shouting, etc.

127. THE DESPISED COMPANY.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travelers are these
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

CHORUS:

O I'd rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon the throne.

- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of the King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

119

- 3 But why do they appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possessed,
With heavenly manna fed.
- 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death,
The open road to hell.
- 6 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way the Savior trod,
They love to keep his ways.
- 7 What! then is there no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

128.

BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Tri. 47.

W. F. Kirkpatrick, by per

BEAUTIFUL day, lovely thy light,
Holy each ray, nothing like night;
Cloudless thy sky, peaceful my stay
Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.

CHORUS:

Beautiful, beautiful day,
Evermore shine on my way;
Savior, I pray, keep me alway
Safe in this beautiful day.

126. THE SCENES OF THE JUDGMENT.

I'VE a long time been hearing,
That there will be a judgment,
That there will be a judgment in that day
Oh! there will be a judgment in that day
O sinner, where will you stand in that day

- 2 That the sun will be darkened, etc.
- 3 That the moon will be bleeding, etc.
- 4 That the trumpet will be sounding, etc.
- 5 That the judge will be descending, etc.
- 6 That the dead will be rising, etc.
- 7 That the books will be opened, etc.
- 8 That the wicked will be wailing, etc.
- 9 That the righteous will be shouting, etc.

127. THE DESPISED COMPANY.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travelers are these
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

CHORUS:

O I'd rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon the throne.

- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of the King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

- 3 But why do they appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possessed,
With heavenly manna fed.
- 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death,
The open road to hell.
- 6 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way the Savior trod,
They love to keep his ways.
- 7 What! then is there no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

128.

BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Tri. 47.

W. F. Kirkpatrick, by per

BEAUTIFUL day, lovely thy light,
Holy each ray, nothing like night;
Cloudless thy sky, peaceful my stay
Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.

CHORUS:

Beautiful, beautiful day,
Evermore shine on my way;
Savior, I pray, keep me alway
Safe in this beautiful day.

- 2 Beautiful day, calm was thy dawn;
Joyous the lay, blessed the morn
When in my heart, over my way,
First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
- 3 Beautiful day, perfectly bright;
Jesus alway, boundless delight,
Bliss all around, heav'n by the way,
Shining in fullness, oh, beautiful day.
- 4 Beautiful day, haven of rest;
Every one may come and be blest;
Glory to God, naught can dismay;
Christ is the Light of this beautiful day.

129.

REDEEMING LOVE.

*Bru. 10.**J. A. C.*

- R**EDEEMING love! redeeming love!
This is the theme of saints above;
Arrayed in heaven's own spotless white,
Chant they this song with pure delight:
Redeeming love! redeeming love!
Redeeming love!
- 2 The angel host all wondering see,
And long to solve the mystery;
Eager their golden harps to tune
With saints redeemed around the throne:
Redeeming love! redeeming love!
Redeeming love!
- 3 And here on earth the power is given
To sing the sweetest songs of heaven—
And our poor voices e'en to raise
In notes of loud and joyful praise:
Redeeming love! redeeming love!
Redeeming love!

- 4 Oh! shout aloud, ye sons of men,
Tell the glad tidings o'er again—
From east to west, from south to north—
Still let the sound go reaching forth:
Redeeming love! redeeming love!
Redeeming love!
- 5 Let the distant lands take up the strain,
'Till love o'er earth entire shall reign,
O earth be glad! O heaven above,
Sing ye the song: Redeeming love!
Redeeming love! redeeming love!
Redeeming love!

130.

THE HALF NEVER TOLD.

[G. H. Com. 154.]

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er
Of grace so full and free,
I love to hear it more and more
Since grace has rescued me.

CHORUS:

- The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of grace divine so wonderful,
The half was never told.
- 2 Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest
Until the sweet-voiced angels came
To soothe my weary breast.
- 3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet,
No real joy in life I know
But in his service sweet.

- 4 And oh! what rapture will it be!
 With all the hosts above
 To sing through all eternity,
 The wonders of his love.

131. WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

*Tri. 96**Priscilla J. Owens.*

- W^{ILL} your anchor hold in the storms of
 life,
 When the clouds unfold their wings
 strife?
 When the strong tide lifts and the cables
 strain—
 Will your anchor drift or firmly remain?

CHORUS:

- We have an anchor that keeps the soul
 Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
 Fastened to the rock which can not move,
 Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love;
 2 It's safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
 For 'tis well anchored by the Savior's hand;
 And the cables passed from his heart to mine
 Can defy the blast through strength divine.
 3 It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,
 When the breakers have told the reef is near,
 Though the tempest rave and the wild winds
 blow,
 Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
 4 It will surely hold in the flood of death,
 When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
 On the rising tide it can never fail,
 While our hopes abide within the veil.

- 5 When our eyes behold through the gathering
 night
 The city of gold, our hamlet bright,
 We shall anchor by the heavenly shore,
 With the storms all past forever more.

132.

THE SOUL'S RETREAT.

[Win. H.]

- I^N God I have found a retreat,
 Where I can securely abide,
 No refuge, no rest so complete,
 And here I intend to reside.

CHORUS:

- Oh! what comfort it brings!
 As my soul sweetly sings,
 I am safe from all danger,
 While under his wings.
 2 I dread not the terror by night—
 No arrow can harm me by day—
 His shadow has covered me quite,
 My fears he has driven away.
 3 The pestilence walking about,
 When darkness has settled abroad,
 Can never compel me to doubt
 The presence and power of God.
 4 The wasting destruction at noon
 No fearful foreboding can bring,
 With Jesus my soul doth commune;
 His perfect salvation I sing.

- 5 A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand,
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

133. **BLESSED ASSURANCE.**

Bett. 90.

Fannie Crosby.

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine,
Oh! what a foretaste of glory divine;
Heir of salvation, purchased of God,
Born of the spirit, washed in his blood.

CHORUS:

- This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.
- 2 Perfect salvation, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with the Spirit, lost in his love.

134.

LAND OF BEULAH.

I AM dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams,
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;

Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers
That are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHORUS:

- Is not this the land of Beulah?
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sunlight fadeth not.
- 2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments,
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led unerring
To the land I hold to-day.
- 3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever will abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Or adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure—
One that fadeth not away.
- 4 Tell me not of heavy crosses.
Or of burdens hard to bear.
For I find this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear.
And I long to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking,
For the glory of the cross.

- 5 Oh! the cross has wondrous beauty,
 Oft I've found it to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see the pathway through,
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers,
 "Take the cross, thou needst not fear,
 I have trod the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near."

135.

TRUSTING JESUS.

SIMPLY trusting every day,
 Trusting thro' a stormy way,
 Even when my faith is small,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS:

Trusting him while life shall last,
 Trusting him till earth is past,
 'Till within the jasper wall—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
 Into this poor heart of mine;
 While he leads I cannot fall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing if my way is clear;
 Praying if the path is drear;
 If in danger for him call—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting as the moments fly;
 Trusting as the days go by;
 Trusting him what'er befall—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

136.

SINCE I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

I HAVE a-song I love to sing,
 Since I have been redeemed,
 Of my Redeemer, Savior, King,
 Since I have been redeemed.

CHORUS:

Since I have been redeemed,
 Since I have been redeemed,
 I will glory in his name:
 Since I have been redeemed,
 I will glory in my Savior's name.

- 2 I have a witness bright and clear, Since, etc.
 Dispelling every doubt and fear, Since, etc.
- 3 I have a joy I can't express, Since, etc.
 All thro' his blood and righteousness, Since, etc.
- 4 I have a Christ that satisfies, Since, etc.
 To do his will my highest prize, Since, etc.
- 5 I have a home prepared for me, Since, etc.
 Where I shall dwell eternally, Since, etc.

137.

O 'TIS GLORY.

TO thee now, dear Christ, I'm clinging,
 All my refuge, all my plea,
 Matchless is thy loving kindness,
 Else it had not stooped to me.

CHORUS:

O 'tis glory, O 'tis glory!
 O 'tis glory in my soul!
 For I've touched the hem of his garment,
 And his power doth make me whole.

- 2 Long my heart has heard thee calling,
But I thrust aside thy grace,
Yet, O boundless condescension!
Love is shining from thy face.
- 3 Love eternal, light eternal,
Close me safely, sweetly in;
Savior let thy balm of healing,
Ever keep me free from sin.

138.

I HAVE FOUND IT.

ALL my life long I have panted
For a draught from some cool spring,
That I hoped would quench the burning
Of the thirst I felt within.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah! I have found it,
What my soul so long has craved,
Jesus satisfies my longing,
Through his blood I now am saved.

- 2 Feeding on the husks around me,
'Till my strength was almost gone,
Longed my soul for something better,
Only still to hunger on:
- 3 Poor I was and sought for riches,
Something that could satisfy,
But the dust I gathered round me
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.
- 4 Well of water, ever springing,
Bread of life, so rich and free,
Untold wealth that never faileth,
My Redeemer is to me.

139.

REDEEMED.

*Tri. 30.**Fannie Crosby.*

REDEEMED! how I love to proclaim it—
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed thro' his infinite mercy,
His child, and forever, I am.

CHORUS:

Redeemed, redeemed,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,
His child, and forever, I am.

- 2 Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,
No language my rapture can tell;
I know that the light of his presence
With me doth continually dwell.
- 3 I think of my blessed Redeemer,
I think of him all the day long,
I sing for I cannot be silent,
His love is the theme of my song.
- 4 I know I shall see in his beauty
The King in whose law I delight,
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps
And giveth me songs in the night.
- 5 I know there's a crown that is waiting
In yonder bright mansion for me,
And soon, with the spirits made perfect,
At home with the Lord I shall be.

140.

CHRIST IS ALL.

I ENTERED once a home of care,
 For age and penury were there,
 Yet peace and joy withal;
 I asked the lonely mother whence
 Her helpless widowhood's defence,
 She told me: "Christ is all."

CHORUS:

||: Christ is all, all in all,
 Yes, Christ is all in all.:||

- 2 I stood beside a dying bed,
 Where lay a child with aching head
 Waiting for Jesus' call:
 I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
 And as his spirit passed away
 He answered: "Christ is all."
- 3 I saw the martyr at the stake,
 The flames could not his courage shake,
 Nor death his soul appal:
 I asked him whence his strength was given,
 He looked triumphantly to heaven,
 And answered: "Christ is all."
- 4 I saw the gospel herald go
 To Afric's sands and Greenland's snow
 To save from Satan's thrall:
 Nor home nor life he counted dear,
 Midst wants and perils owned no fear,
 He felt that "Christ is all."
- 5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
 And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 A fire dissolved this ball;

I saw the church's ransomed throng,
 I heard the burden of their song—
 'Twas, "Christ is all in all."

- 6 Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit say—
 The Bride repeats the call,
 For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
 His love will soothe your weary pains,
 For "Christ is all in all."

141.

FOR ME.

- JESUS, my Savior, to Bethlehem came,
 Born in the manger to sorrow and shame—
 Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name!
 Seeking for me, for me;
 Seeking for me, for me;
 Seeking for me, for me;
 Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name!
 Seeking for me, for me.
- 2 Jesus, my Savior, on Calvary's tree,
 Paid the great debt and my soul he set free—
 Oh, it is wonderful, how could it be?
 Dying for me, for me;
 Dying for me, for me;
 Dying for me, for me;
 Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?
 Dying for me, for me.
- 3 Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old,
 While I did wander far from the fold,
 Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
 Calling for me, for me;

Calling for me, for me;
 Calling for me, for me;
 Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
 Calling for me, for me.

- 4 Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high,
 Sweet is the promise as weary years fly—
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
 Coming for me, for me;
 Coming for me, for me;
 Coming for me, for me;
 Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
 Coming for me, for me.

142. A FRIEND IN JESUS.

[Rev. 121.]

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit;
 Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble any where?
 We should never be discouraged;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer:
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

143. THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

I LOVE the blessed Jesus,
 My Savior and my friend,
 O help me sing his praises,
 'Till life below shall end:
 And then in garments pure and white,
 With harps and crowns of gold,
 We'll meet this Friend on the plains of light,
 His glory to behold.

CHORUS:

When we gather 'round the great white throne,
 When we gather 'round the great white throne,
 We'll sing his praise through endless days,
 When we gather 'round the great white throne.

- 2 I love the blessed Jesus,
 For me he bled and died,
 And in his precious merit
 I'll evermore confide;
 I'll worship him who rose again,
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 And when we meet as a ransomed throng
 We'll sing his power to save.

- 3 O let me live for Jesus,
And bear his cross below,
And if the Savior calls me
To suffer pain and woe,
I want to be like Jesus still;
And always watch and pray
That I may reach that happy home,
In the realms of perfect day.
- 4 Then let me die in Jesus,
His presence I shall have,
While crossing over Jordan,
To calm the troubled wave;
And when, triumphant over death,
I gain the immortal shore,
I'll reign with my dear Savior when
This world shall be no more.

144. UNFLINCHING LOYALTY.

*Beulah 12.**P. Phillips.*

- ⑥ WHO'LL stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene?
And raise the blood-stained banner
Amid the hosts of sin?
- CHORUS:
The cross for Christ I'll cherish;
Its crucifixion bear,
All hail reproach and sorrow
If Jesus leads me there.
- 2 Oh! who will follow Jesus
Amid reproach and shame?
When others shrink and falter,
Who'll glory in his name?

- 3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storms may blow,
Though friends may go forever,
Who will with Jesus go?
- 4 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time and voice,
Myself, my reputation;
The lone way is my choice.
- 5 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend,
O fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to my journey's end.

145.

HE IS CALLING.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
That is more than liberty.

CHORUS:

- He is calling—"Come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

- 4 If our faith were but more simple,
We would take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

146.

THE REDEEMED HOST.

WHEN we enter the portals of glory,
And the great host of ransomed we see,
As numberless as the sands on the seashore,
What a wonderful sight that will be.

CHORUS:

Numberless as the sands on the seashore,
Numberless as the sands on the shore,
O what a sight 'twill be, when the ransomed
host we see,
As numberless as the sands on the seashore.

- 2 When we see all the saints of the ages,
Who from death's cruel partings are free,
Greeting there with a heavenly greeting—
What a wonderful sight that will be.
- 3 When we stand by the beautiful river,
Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
Gazing out on the fair land of promise,
What a wonderful sight that will be.
- 4 When we look on the form that redeemed us,
And his glory and majesty see,
While as King of his saints he is reigning,
What a wonderful sight that will be.

147.

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOLD.

THERE'S a city that looks on the valley
of death,
And its glories can never be told,
The sun never sets and the leaves never fade,
In that beautiful city of gold.

CHORUS:

The sun never sets,
And the leaves never fade,
Where the eyes of the faithful the Savior behold
In that beautiful city of gold.

- 2 There the King, our Redeemer, the Lord whom
we love,
All the faithful with rapture behold:
There the righteous forever shall shine like the
stars,
In that beautiful city of gold.
- 3 Every soul we have led to the foot of the cross,
Every lamb we have brought to the fold,
Shall be kept as bright jewels our crowns to
adorn,
In that beautiful city of gold.
- 4 In that city of light, where the sun never sets,
The inhabitants never grow old:
There no sorrow, or sickness, or death ever
comes,
In that beautiful city of gold.
- 5 "Go and teach ye all nations," the Savior com-
mands;
Whosoever will may come, we are told,

And be saved by his grace, share with us
his love,
In that beautiful city of gold.

- 6 Going forth in his name, all our needs are sup-
plied,
In this life we receive an hundred fold;
With rejoicing we'll come, bringing sheaves to
the Lord,
In that beautiful city of gold.

148. MY SHEPHERD WILL PROVIDE.

THE Lord is my shepherd, my keeper and
Guide,
My wants he'll supply and for me he'll provide;
In the midst of green pastures he makes me
to lie,
Beside the still waters that gently pass by.

CHORUS:

My shepherd will provide, whatever may betide;
I am secure, for his promise is sure,
The Lord will provide.

- 1 Whenever I wander, and leave the true way;
And, like a lost sheep, from the flock go astray;
My soul he restores to the path that is right;
He leads me in safety; I'll walk in his light.
2 For me his free bounty a table has spread,
And blessings unmeasured he pours on my
head,
My cup with abundance and joy overflows,
He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.

- 4 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my
days,
My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and
praise;
I'll dwell in the temple of glory above,
And sing evermore of his grace and his love.
5 When called to surrender my faltering breath;
And pass through the valley of the shadow of
death,
The presence of Jesus will brighten the gloom,
With hope and with gladness dispelling the
gloom.

149. BEHOLD WHAT LOVE.

BEHOLD what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be now called
The sons of God.

CHORUS:

Behold what manner of love
The Father hath bestowed upon us;
That we, that we should be called,
Be called the sons of God:

- 2 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our glorious Lord we see,
We shall his image bear.
3 No longer far from him, but now
By precious blood made nigh;
Accepted in the well-beloved,
Near to God's heart we lie.

- 4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be;
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

150.

CLOSE TO THEE.

THOU, my everlasting portion,
More than friends or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Savior, let me walk with thee.

CHORUS:

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Savior, let me walk with thee.

- 2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be,
Gladly would I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.
- 3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
Let me enter, Lord, with thee.
- 4 O my sanctifying Savior,
Thou hast cleansed me from all sin,
Thou dost make thy heart thy temple,
Thou dost sweetly dwell within.

151.

YOUR MISSION.

HARK, the voice of Jesus calling:
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers thee.
Who will answer, gladly crying,
"Here am I, send me—send me."

- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer;
You can find them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all;
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Savior's waiting arms.
- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties,
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

- 5 If among the older people,
 You may not be apt to teach,
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ, the Shepherd.
 Place the food within their reach;
 And it may be that the children
 You have led with trembling hand,
 Will be found among your jewels,
 When you reach the better land.
- 6 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task he gives you gladly,
 Let his work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly, when he calleth,
 "Here am I, send me—send me."

152. THE MOUNTAIN TOP OF VISION.

ON the mountain of vision what a glory we
 behold—
 A hundred years of victory are tinging earth
 with gold,
 And the glorious time is coming which the
 prophets long foretold.
 The truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

- 2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught
 beyond the sea,
 And preached the great salvation that delivers
 you and me;

- And a million voices shout it: redemption's
 full and free—
 Salvation's rolling on.
- 3 From the cabin on the prairie to the vaulted
 city dome,
 From the dark and briny ocean, where our
 sailor brothers roam,
 We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy har-
 vest home—
 Salvation's rolling on.
- 4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred
 years of song,
 The Conqueror advances, and the time will
 not be long
 When we shall claim the heathen and over-
 throw the wrong—
 Our God is marching on.
- 5 And when the war is over, with the saints for-
 evermore,
 On the blissful heights of glory we will shout
 the battle o'er,
 And in the golden city we will join the Con-
 queror—
 Forever marching on.

153.

THE TOWERING ROCK.

MIGHTY Rock, whose towering form
 Lifts above the frowning storm,
 Rock amid the desert waste,
 To thy shadow now I haste.

CHORUS:

Unto thee, unto thee,
Precious Savior now I flee,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

- 2 Of the stream that from thee burst
Let me drink and quench my thirst;
Weary, fainting, toil-oppressed,
In thy shadow let me rest.
- 3 Mighty Rock, the pilgrim's home,
Refuge from the billow's foam,
Rock to countless millions blest,
In thy shadow let me rest.
- 4 When I near the stream of death,
When I feel its chilly breath,
Rock where all my hopes abide,
In thy shadow let me hide.

154.

A BETTER DAY.

A BETTER day is coming, a morning
promised long,
When girded right, with holy might, will over-
throw the wrong,
When God, the Lord, will listen to every
plaintive sigh,
And stretch his hand o'er every land, with
justice by and by.

CHORUS:

Coming by and by, coming by and by,
The better day is coming, the morning draweth
nigh,

Coming by and by, coming by and by,
The welcome dawn will hasten on, 'tis coming
by and by.

- 2 The boast of haughty error no more shall fill
the air,
But age and youth shall love the truth, and
spread it everywhere;
No more from want and sorrow shall come the
hopeless cry,
But strife will cease and perfect peace will
flourish by and by.
- 3 The tidal wave is coming, salvation full and
free,
With shout and song it sweeps along like bil-
lows of the sea:
The jubilee of holiness shall ring through
earth and sky,
The dawn of grace draws on apace, 'tis com-
ing by and by.
- 4 We're waiting, Lord, and longing 'till thou
shalt come again
To claim thine own, and on thy throne of peace
and love to reign:
We'll wait that glorious coming, 'till from the
open sky
Our Lord shall come to take us home—he's
coming by and by.
- 5 O for that holy dawning we watch and wait
and pray,
'Till o'er the height the morning light shall
drive the gloom away;

And when the heavenly glory shall flood the
earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all his word, and
praise him by and by.

155. A TRUE FRIEND.

ONCE I was blind and could not see the
Savior,
And O how dark was all the world to me;
Lonely and sad, I felt that I could never
Find him who died on Calvary for me.

CHORUS:

He's a friend indeed, a friend in time of need,
Gracious and tender has Jesus been indeed;
O how he saves, and bears my many burdens!
He's the only friend that sinners ever need.

- 2 Once I was lame, and could not follow Jesus,
Wounded by sin, I fainted by the way;
Christ, the Physician, healed my broken spirit,
Now he sustains and keeps me all the day.
- 3 Christ is my Lord, the wonderful Redeemer,
Light of my soul, my Prophet, Priest, and
King;
He is my all, and I am his forever,
Help me his praise forevermore to sing.

156. THE SOLID ROCK.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS:

On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
||:All other ground is sinking sand.:||

- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood,
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found;
Cleansed thro' his precious blood alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

157. THE FIRM FOUNDATION.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord.
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

- 2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be.

- 3 Fear not, I am with thee; oh! be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Even down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hair shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be
borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose.
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

JESUS MY JOY.

I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow,
Of sunshine after rain.

CHORUS:

- 'Tis Jesus, my portion forever,
'Tis Jesus the first and the last;
A help very present in trouble,
A shelter from every blast.
- 2 I've found a branch for healing,
Near every bitter spring;
A whispered promise stealing
Over every broken string.
- 3 I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail;
A handful of sweet manna,
Where grapes of Eschol fail.
- 4 I've found the Rock of Ages,
When desert wells are dry,
And after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.

GOD MY SALVATION.

- ① THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

- 3 While the angel choirs are crying—
 Glory to the great I AM,
 I with them will still be vieing—
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us
 Unperceived amid the throng;
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song;
 Hallelujah!
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

160.

THE DAWNING DAY.

CHRISTIAN, behold the daylight breaks
 o'er thee,
 All the dark shadows hasten away,
 Fringed are the distant clouds that hang o'er
 thee;
 Christian, behold the coming of day.

CHORUS:

- Glory to Jesus, daylight is dawning,
 Pilgrim, look up, behold the bright shore;
 Soon we'll cast anchor in the bright harbor;
 Glory to God! we'll sorrow no more.
- 2 Tossed on the dark, proud waves of the ocean,
 Calmly composed, undaunted shall be;
 'Midst the fierce tempest's angry commotion,
 Jesus, my Savior, still lingers for thee.

- 3 Christian, behold the home-land is nearing,
 All wild tempests soon will be o'er,
 Listen, the heavenly hosts are cheering,
 See! how the ransomed are nearing the shore.
- 4 Cheer up, O pilgrim, daylight breaks o'er thee,
 Bright as the sun on midsummer day,
 Angelic throngs in the realms of bright glory
 Beckon thy blood-washed spirit away.

161.

THE ARK FLOATETH BY.

[F. R. Sweeney.]

BEHOLD the ark of God,
 Behold the open door;
 O haste to gain that blest abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.

CHORUS:

- O come, come to-day, do not longer delay,
 The ark, precious bark, floateth by;
 The waves as they roll shall not cover thy soul,
 For Jesus, thy Savior, is nigh.
- 2 There safe shalt thou abide,
 There sweet shall be thy rest;
 And every wish be satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.
- 3 And when the waves of wrath
 Again the earth shall fill,
 Thine ark shall ride the sea of fire,
 And rest on Zion's hill.

162.

THE CROSS.

THE cross, the cross; the blood-stained
cross!

The hallowed cross I see,
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.

2 A thousand, thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring
As Jesus' precious blood.

3 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay—
All praise to Jesus' blood.

163.

THE HIGH ROCK.

OH! sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

CHORUS:

Oh! then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I;
O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 Oh! sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet;
But toiling in ~~his~~ his dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow; how sweet!

3 Oh! near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

164.

THE CITY OF GOD.

[C. E. Rowley.]

COME to the city, the city of God—
The home of the faithful, the Christian's
abode;
Its joys are eternal, and fade not away,
It shines with effulgence of heavenly day.

CHORUS:

O hear the glad story, ye children of men;
To God be the glory, forever, amen.

2 For walls and for bulwarks, salvation is giv'n,
Like jasper most precious, the brightness of
heav'n;
The sun is not needed, nor moon to give light,
For God is its glory, dispelling the night.

3 The gates of this city stand open alway,
Since night has been banished and turned into
day;
There's naught that defileth or maketh un-
clean,
The pure and the holy shall enter therein.

4 All sorrow is ended, all crying and pain;
For he that o'ercometh with Jesus shall reign;
With perfect salvation we rest in his will,
And thus he hath shown us his joy to fulfill.

165. CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
 Ye who have but scant supply;
 Angel eyes will watch above it,
 You shall find it by and by.
 He who in his righteous balance
 Doth each human action weigh,
 Will your sacrifice remember,
 Will your loving deeds repay.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 Poor and weary, worn with care;
 Often sitting in the shadow,
 Have you not a crumb to spare?
 Can you not to those around you
 Sing some little song of hope,
 As you look with longing vision
 Thro' faith's glorious telescope?

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 Ye who have abundant store;
 It may float on many a billow,
 It may strand on many a shore,
 You may think it lost forever—
 But as sure as God is true,
 In this life, or in the other,
 It will yet return to you.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters.
 Far and wide your treasures strew,
 Scatter them with willing fingers,
 Shout with joy to see them go;
 For if you do closely keep them,
 They will only drag you down;
 If you love them more than Jesus
 They will keep you from your crown.

5 Cast thy bread upon the waters.
 Waft it on with praying breath;
 In some distant, doubtful future
 It may save a soul from death.
 When you sleep in solemn silence,
 'Neath the morn and evening dew,
 Strangers' hands which you have strength-
 ened,
 May strew lilies over you.

166.

BOUND FOR GLORY.

I'M a soldier bound for glory,
 Marching at my King's command;
 Let me tell my pleasing story
 As we march to Canaan's land:

CHORUS:

Oh 'tis glory! oh 'tis glory!
 Oh 'tis glory in my soul,
 For I've touched the hem of his garment,
 And his blood hath made me whole.

2 I was once so sad and weary—
 Weary of my load of sin,
 'Till I cried: "Lord Jesus, save me,"
 And he smiled and took me in.

3 Now my life is constant pleasure,
 Jesus is my bosom friend,
 He is such a precious treasure
 That my joys can never end.

CHORUS:

Jesus loves me, Jesus saves me,
 Jesus is my sweetest song;
 Jesus altogether lovely,
 Jesus, Jesus, all along.

- 4 I shall meet him in the glory—
 I shall see him face to face;
 He will take me to my mansion,
 Where he has prepared a place.

THE NEW SONG.

[Triumph.]

THERE are songs of joy that I loved to
 sing
 When my heart was blithe as a bird in spring;
 But the song I have learned is so full of cheer,
 That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.

REFRAIN.

O, the new, new song!
 O, the new, new song!
 I can sing it now, etc.

with the
 Throng
 power

- 2 There are strains of home that are dear as life,
 And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
 But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
 And I sing the psalm they are singing there.
- 3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
 When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
 When he points where the many mansions be,
 And sweetly says: "There is one for thee!"

- 4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
 When I come to the gloom of the even-fall,
 For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
 Have a path of light that will lead to him.

168. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

[Bentish.]

ARE you weary, are you heavy hearted?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;

*2 part of the chorus to new song
 with the ransom Throng
 power and dominion to him that was
 slain glory and praise to the
 Lamb that was slain*

- 3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus:
 Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
- 4 Are you troubled at the tho't of dying?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
 For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.

CHORUS:

Jesus loves me, Jesus saves me,
 Jesus is my sweetest song;
 Jesus altogether lovely,
 Jesus, Jesus, all along.

- 4 I shall meet him in the glory—
 I shall see him face to face;
 He will take me to my mansion,
 Where he has prepared a place.

167.

THE NEW SONG.

[Triumph.]

THERE are songs of joy that I loved to
 sing
 When my heart was blithe as a bird in spring;
 But the song I have learned is so full of cheer,
 That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.

REFRAIN.

O, the new, new song!
 O, the new, new song!
 I can sing it now, etc.

- 2 There are strains of home that are dear as life,
 And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
 But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
 And I sing the psalm they are singing there.
- 3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
 When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
 When he points where the many mansions be,
 And sweetly says: "There is one for thee!"

- 4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
 When I come to the gloom of the even-fall.
 For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
 Have a path of light that will lead to him.

168. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

[Bentish.]

ARE you weary, are you heavy hearted?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
 Are you grieving over joys departed?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.

CHORUS:

Tell it to Jesus alone:
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
 He is a friend that is well known:
 You have no other such friend or brother,
 Tell it to Jesus alone.

- 2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus:
 Have you sins that to man's eyes are hidden?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
- 3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus:
 Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
- 4 Are you troubled at the tho't of dying?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
 For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?
 Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.

169.

TARRY WITH ME.

[M. Star.]

TARRY with me, oh, my Savior,
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

CHORUS:

Tarry with me, blessed Jesus,
Leave me not 'till morning light;
For I'm lonely here without thee,
Tarry with me thro' the night.

2 Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past,
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances,
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Tarry with me, oh, my Savior,
Lay my head upon thy breast
'Till the morning—then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

170.

SOUL RAPTURE.

NOW I feel the sacred fire,
Kindling, flaming, glowing,
Higher, rising still, and higher,
All my soul o'erflowing,
Life immortal I receive,
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now I'm found—
Glory! glory! glory!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every band is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed—
Just as free as heaven;
'Tis a glorious liberty—
Oh, the wondrous story,
I was bound, but now I'm free—
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll—
Roll through every nation,
Witnessing from soul to soul
This immense salvation.
Now I know it's full and free—
Oh, the wondrous story,
For I feel it's saving me—
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus;
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story.
Let the pilgrims shout aloud—
Glory! glory! glory!

171.

MY SAVIOR LEADS ME.

[G. H.]

ALL the way my Savior leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy,
Who thro' life has been my guide?

- Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
 Here by faith in him to dwell!
 ||:For I know whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well.:||
- 2 All the way my Savior leads me,
 Cheers each winding path I tread,
 Gives me grace for every trial,
 Feeds me with the living bread;
 Tho' my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 ||:Gushing from the Rock before me,
 Lo! a spring of joy I see.:||
- 3 All the way my Savior leads me,
 Oh, the fullness of his love!
 Perfect rest to me is promised
 In my Father's house above;
 When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 ||:This my song through endless ages:
 Jesus led me all the way.:||

HOLY SPIRIT.

[G. H.]

HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side,
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land;
 Weary souls, fore'er rejoice
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whispering softly: wanderer come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

- 2 Ever present, truest friend,
 Ever near thine aid to lend;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
 Whispering softly: wanderer come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease—
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Knowing that our names are there,
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
 Whispering softly: wanderer come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

[G. H.]

THE whole world was lost in the darkness
 of sin,
 The Light of the world is Jesus;
 Like sunshine at noonday his glory shone in,
 The Light of the world is Jesus.

CHORUS:

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
 Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me;
 Once I was blind, but now I can see:
 The Light of the world is Jesus.

- 2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the Light when we follow our
Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Go, wash at his bidding, and light will arise;
The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,
And the Light of that world is Jesus.

174. THE SAVIOR AT THE DOOR.

HEAR the gentle voice that calls thee,
Come and see, come and see;
Jesus at the door of mercy
Waits for thee, waits for thee;
To a kindly shelter nigh,
Haste, oh, haste thee, quickly fly.

CHORUS:

- O the Savior is standing at the door,
O the Savior is standing at the door,
Wilt thou let him in, he will cleanse thy sin,
O the Savior is standing at the door.
- 2 Art thou hungry? he will give thee
Living bread, living bread;
Lo, a table now before thee
Richly spread, richly spread,
When such heavenly food is thine
Wilt thou in a desert pine?

- 3 Art thou thirsty? cooling waters,
Pure and free, pure and free,
From the spring of life eternal,
Flows for thee, flows for thee;
Traveler drink, oh, drink again,
Healing balm for every pain.
- 4 Art thou weary? lay thy burden
At the cross, at the cross.
Count the world and all its pleasures
Only dross, only dross.
Come to Jesus and be blest,
He alone can give you rest.

175. TELL ME ONCE MORE.

REPEAT the sweet story of Jesus to me,
O tell me the story once more,
Though often I've heard it, each time it is told
'Tis sweeter than ever before.

- 2 O tell me once more of his wonderful love;
His goodness and mercy to me,
When hopelessly lost in the darkness of sin,
He found me and made me go free.
- 3 O tell me once more of the pardon he gives;
When sinners repent and believe;
O tell me if ever a lost one like me
Can life everlasting receive.
- 4 O tell me again of the land of the blest,
Where sorrow and sin never come,
Where I with my Savior shall evermore dwell;
O tell me of heaven, my home.

176. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I WANT to be a worker for the Lord,
 I want to love and trust his holy word,
 I want to sing and pray, and be busy every
 day
 In the vineyard of the Lord.

CHORUS:

I will work, I will pray,
 In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord;
 I will work, I will pray, I will labor every day
 In the vineyard of the Lord.

- 2 I want to be a worker every day,
 I want to lead the erring in the way
 That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace
 and love,
 In the kingdom of our Lord.
- 3 I want to be a worker strong and brave,
 Trusting in Jesus' power to save;
 All who will truly come shall find a happy
 home
 In the kingdom of our Lord.
- 4 I want to be a worker, help me, Lord,
 To lead the lost and erring to thy Word,
 That points to joys on high, where pleasures
 never die,
 In the kingdom of the Lord.

177. SWEET TO TRUST JESUS.

Tri. 46

Louisa M. R. Stead.

THIS so sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just to take him at his word,
 Just to rest upon his promise,
 Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

[CHORUS:

Jesus, Jesus; how I trust him,
 How I've proved him o'er and o'er,
 Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
 O for grace to trust thee more.

- 2 Oh! how sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just to trust his cleansing blood;
 Just in simple faith to plunge me
 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
- 3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just from sin and self to cease,
 Just from Jesus simply taking
 Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
- 4 I'm so glad I learned to trust him,
 Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend,
 And I know that thou art with me,
 Will be with me to the end.

178. WONDERFUL WORDS.

SING them over again to me,
 Wonderful words of life,
 Let me more of their beauty see
 Wonderful words of life.
 Words of life and beauty,
 Teach me faith and duty,
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life.

- 2 Christ, the blessed one, gives to all
 Wonderful words of life.
 Sinner, list to the loving call:
 Wonderful words of life.

All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven:
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life.

- 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Offers pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of life.
 Jesus, only Savior,
 Sanctify forever,
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life.

179. **IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?**

LORD, I care not for riches,
 Neither silver nor gold,
 I would make sure of heaven,
 I would enter the fold;
 In the book of thy kingdom,
 With its pages so fair,
 Tell me, Jesus, my Savior,
 Is my name written there?

CHORUS:

Is my name written there?
 On the page white and fair,
 In the book of thy kingdom,
 Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many,
 Like the sands of the sea,
 But thy blood, O, my Savior,

For thy promise is written,
 In bright letters that glow:
 "Though your sins be as scarlet,
 I will make them like snow."

- 3 O that beautiful city!
 With its mansions of light,
 With its glorified beings
 In pure garments of white,
 Where no evil thing cometh
 To despoil what is fair,
 Where the angels are watching—
 Is my name written there?

180. **EVER FLOWING.**

THERE'S a fountain, precious fountain,
 Ever flowing deep and wide,
 Opened once on Calvary's mountain,
 In my dear Redeemer's side.
 All who come in faith believing,
 All who plunge beneath the wave,
 Endless life are now receiving,
 From the Lord who died to save.

CHORUS:

Ever flowing, sweetly flowing,
 Precious fountain, ever flowing full and free,
 Ever flowing, sweetly flowing,
 Precious fountain, ever flowing, yes, for me.

- 2 Precious fountain, mercy brought me
 Helpless to its crimson stream,
 On a desert wild she sought me,
 Cheered me with her loving beam.

Precious fountain, I can never
Tell the peace its waves impart,
How it saves me now, and ever
Fills with constant joy my heart.

- 3 In that fountain ye who languish
'Neath the heavy chain you bear,
Plunge and loose your weight of anguish,
Rise, eternal life to share;
With a lowly contrite spirit,
Tell the Savior all your woe,
Pleading faith his gracious merit,
He will wash you white as snow.

181. **THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.**

- I'VE found a friend in Jesus, he's everything
to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the valley, in him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully
whole;
In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my
stay;
He tells me every care on him to roll;
He's the Lily of the valley, the bright and
morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
- 2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows
borne;
In temptation he's my strong and mighty
tower,
I've all for him forsaken: I've all my idols torn;
From my heart, and now he keeps me by
his power;

Though all the world forsake me, and Satan
tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
He's the Lily of the valley, the bright and
morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

- 3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake
me here,
While I live by faith and do his blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to
fear,
With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill;
Then sweeping up to glory, we'll see his
blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll;
He's the Lily of the valley, the bright and
morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

182.

THE BIBLE.

NO book is like the Bible,
For childhood, youth or age,
Our duty plain and simple,
We find on every page;
It came by inspiration.
A light to guide our way:
A voice from him who gave it,
Reproving when we stray.

CHORUS:

No book is like the Bible.
The blessed book we love;
The pilgrim's chart to glory,
It leads, it leads to God above.

- 2 It tell's of man's creation,
 His sad primeval fall,
 It tells of man's redemption
 Through Christ, who died for all,
 In sacred words of wisdom,
 It bids us watch and pray,
 And early come to Jesus,
 The life, the truth, the way.

183.

JESUS SAVES.

WE have heard a joyful sound,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves,
 Spread the gladness all around,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
 Bear the news to every land,
 Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Onward, 'tis the Lord's command,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

- 2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves,
 Tell to sinners far and wide,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 Sing, ye islands of the sea,
 Echo back, ye ocean caves,
 Earth shall keep her jubilee,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

- 3 Sing above the battle strife,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 By his death and endless life,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

Sing it softly through the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy craves,
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

- 4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves,
 Let the nations now rejoice,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
 Shout salvation full and free,
 Highest hills and deepest caves;
 This our song of victory,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

184.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.*S. of Red. Love: 96.**Fannie Crosby.*

A WAKE! awake! the Master now is calling
 us,
 Arise! arise! and, trusting in his word,
 Go forth! go forth! proclaim the year of jubilee,
 And take the cross, the blessed cross, of
 Christ our Lord.

CHORUS:

On, on, swell the chorus;
 On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us,
 On, on, while before us
 Our mighty, mighty Savior leads the way,
 Glory, glory, hear the everlasting throng.
 Shout hosanna, while we boldly march along,
 Faithful soldiers here below,
 Only Jesus will we know,
 Shouting free salvation o'er the world we go.

- 2 A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands
 It comes, it comes across the ocean's foam,
 Then haste, O haste to spread the words of
 truth abroad,
 Forgetting not the starving poor at home,
 dear home.
- 3 O church of God, extend thy kind maternal
 arms,
 To save the lost on mountains dark and cold,
 Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue
 them,
 And bring them to the shelter of the Savior's
 fold.
- 4 Look up! Look up! the promised day is draw-
 ing near,
 When all shall hail, shall hail the Savior
 King,
 When peace and joy shall fold their wings in
 ev'ry clime,
 And "Glory, Hallelujah," o'er the earth shall
 ring.

185.

SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that
 sun-bright clime,
 Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time?
 Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless
 frame,
 Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame,
 Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

- 2 A river of water gushes there,
 'Mid flowers of beauty, strangely fair,
 And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
 The dazzling waves and the golden shore,
 That are seen in that sun-bright clime.
- 3 Millions of forms, all clothed in light,
 In garments of beauty, clean and white;
 They dwell in their own immortal bowers
 'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers
 That bloom in that sun-bright clime.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen
 Their swelling songs or their changeless sheen;
 Their ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl
 O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl
 That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.
- 5 But far away is the sun-bright clime,
 Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
 Where amid all things that are fair is given
 The home of the saved, and its name is heaven,
 The name of that sun-bright clime.

186.

PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

WE will pray for one another, we will pray,
 You are not alone, my brother, in the
 way;
 For the Savior's by your side,
 And the Bible is your guide,
 If you live by faith and prayer every day.

CHORUS:

We will pray for one another,
 We will pray for one another,
 We will pray for one another,
 'Till we all get home.

- 2 We will pray for one another, we will pray;
 Though we meet with many trials on our way;
 If we sit at Jesus' feet,
 When he comes our souls to greet,
 We will find his promise sure every day.
- 3 We will pray for one another, we will pray;
 And by faith and pray'r we'll surely gain the
 day;
 Then we'll lay our armor down,
 And receive a fadeless crown,
 We'll receive a crown that fades not away.
- 4 Then we'll pray for one another, then we'll
 pray,
 And we'll live and work for Jesus every day;
 When the storms of life are o'er,
 We will meet to part no more,
 In that happy, happy home far away.

187. MY SINS WERE ONCE LIKE CRIMSON.

THOUGH my sins were once like crimson
 red,
 To the healing stream my feet were led,
 In the precious blood my Savior shed,
 He washed me white as snow.

CHORUS:

O my joyful song henceforth shall be:
 'Tis the blood of Jesus cleanseth me,
 Cleanseth, cleanseth,
 O, yes, it cleanseth me.

- 2 At the door of faith I entered in,
 And to him confessed my guilt and sin;
 With his own dear hand he washed me clean—
 He washed me white as snow.
- 3 Tho' my heart was all I had to give,
 Yet he bade me smile, and look and live;
 What a calm sweet peace did I receive—
 He washed me white as snow.
- 4 I will sing his power from death to save;
 I will sing his triumph o'er the grave;
 I will sing while crossing Jordan's wave:
 He washed me white as snow.

188.

FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

SWEETLY, Lord, have we heard thee
 calling:
 "Come, follow me!"
 And we see where thy footprints falling
 Lead us to thee.

CHORUS:

Footprints of Jesus,
 That make the pathway glow,
 We will follow the steps of Jesus
 Where'er they go.

- 2 Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains,
 Seeking his sheep;
 Or along by Siloam's fountains,
 Helping the weak.

- 3 If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the Word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.
- 4 Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway keeping;
We follow thee
Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane.
- 5 By and by through the shining portals
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals
Heaven's golden streets.
- 6 Then at last when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.

189. THE MASTER'S JEWELS.

WHEN he cometh, when he cometh
To make up his jewels;
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

CHORUS:

Like the stars of the morning
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty
Bright gems for his crown.

- 2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his Kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.

- 3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are his jewels, shining jewels,
His loved and his own.

190. MEET ME THERE.

ON the happy, golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
When the storms of life are o'er—
Meet me there.
Where the night dissolves away
Into pure and perfect day,
I am going home to stay,
Meet me there.

CHORUS:

Meet me there,
Meet me there,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
Meet me there.
When the storms of life are o'er—
On the happy golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
Meet me there.

- 2 Here our fondest hopes are vain,
Dearest links are rent in twain,
But in heaven no throb of pain—
Meet me there.
By the river sparkling bright,
In the city of delight,
Where our faith is lost in sight—
Meet me there.

- 3 There the harps of angels ring,
And the blest forever sing
In the palace of the King—
Meet me there.
Where in sweet communion blend
Heart with heart and friend with friend,
In a world that ne'er shall end,
Meet me there.

191.

PASS ME NOT.

PASS me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.
- 4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

192.

SUFFERING SAVIOR.

SUFFERING Savior, with thorn-crown,
Bruised and bleeding, sinking down,
Heavy laden, weary-worn;
Panting, dying, crushed and torn.

REFRAIN.

All for me; yes, all for me.

- 2 Jesus, Savior, pure and mild,
Let me ever be thy child;
So unworthy tho' I be
Thou didst suffer all for me.
- 3 Fain would I to thee be brought,
Blessed Lord, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give thy wand'ring child a place.

193.

CHILDREN'S INVITATION.

CHILDREN, hear the Savior's voice—
He will save you from all sin,
And will make your hearts rejoice,
By his love and peace within;
Hear his kind entreaty: "Come—
Come, and I will give thee rest."
To your Father's house come home,
He will fold you to his breast.

CHORUS:

Come to him now, trust in the grace
So fully, freely given;
Jesus will fill your hearts with peace,
And guide your steps to heaven.

- 2 Sin brings sorrow, guilt and shame,
Death eternal in the end;
Trust, O trust in Jesus' name,
And in him alone depend.

Now in him you may be free,
 Grace abounding now receive;
 If you have no other plea,
 Jesus died that you might live.

194.

ETERNITY.

SALVATION is a joyful sound
 Jesus brought from heaven down
 To Jews and Gentiles, bond and free,
 And every one may come and see—
 He has died that we may be
 Happy in eternity.

CHORUS:

Jesus said that we might be
 Happy in eternity,
 Eternity, eternity,
 Happy in eternity.

2 O ye children of the light,
 Keep your garments always white,
 There with all the sanctified
 Christ will claim you for his bride,
 Then with him you'll ever be
 Happy in eternity.

195.

GOSPEL SOWER.*Tri. 36**Geo. R. Minor.*

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of
 kindness,
 Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve,
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-
 ing,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
 sheaves.

CHORUS:

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither storms nor winter's chilling
 breeze;

By and by, the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
 sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained, our spirit often
 grieves,

When our weeping's over he will bid us wel-
 come,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
 sheaves

196.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

YIELD not to temptation,
 For yielding is sin,
 Each vict'ry will help you
 Some other to win;
 Fight manfully onward,
 Dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

CHORUS:

Ask the Savior to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
 He is willing to aid you,
 He will carry you through.

- 2 Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in reverence,
 Nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.
- 3 To him that o'ercometh,
 God giveth a crown,
 Thro' faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down;
 He who is our Savior,
 Our strength will renew,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

197.

HE SACRIFICED FOR US.

- I** GAVE my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might ransom be,
 And quickened from the dead;
 I gave, I gave my life for thee,
 What hast thou given for me?
- 2 My Father's home of light,
 My glory circled throne,
 I left for earthly night,
 For wand'rings sad and lone,
 I left, I left it all for thee,
 Hast thou left aught for me?

- 3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony:
 To rescue thee from hell;
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
 What hast thou borne for me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love,
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
 What hast thou brought to me?

198.

CHILD OF A KING.*Buel. 88.**Hattie Buel.*

MY Father is rich in houses and lands,
 He holdeth the wealth of the world in
 his hands,
 Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
 His coffers are full—he has riches untold!

CHORUS:

- I'm the child of a King, the child of a King,
 With Jesus, my Savior, I'm the child of a King.
- 2 My Father's own Son, the Savior of men!
 Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of
 men!
 But now he is reigning forever on high,
 And will give us a home in the sweet by and by.
- 3 I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
 A sinner by choice, and an "alien by birth!"
 But I've been adopted, my name's written
 down
 An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

- 4 A tent or a cottage—why should I care?
They're building a mansion for me over there
Tho' exiled from home, still I may sing
All glory to God! I'm the child of a King.

199.

BEULAH LAND.

I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine!
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS:

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, forever more.

- 2 The Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we,
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.
- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flowers that never fading grow,
Where streams of life forever flow.
- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

200.

JESUS NOW IS MY SALVATION.

JESUS now is my salvation,
He has saved me from all sin,
Through his blood I have redemption,
And I rest complete in him.

SEMI-CHORUS:

O the joy of full salvation.
How it thrills my inmost soul!
Spread the news to every nation:
Jesus' blood has made me whole.

CHORUS:

- Why don't you come to Jesus?
Why don't you come to Jesus?
Why don't you come to Jesus
And be saved?
- 2 By his royal proclamation,
Sin's dominion now is o'er,
And, in conscious full salvation,
I may sing forever more.
- 3 O the love of my Redeemer,
O the wonders of his grace,
I will praise his name forever,
And rejoice before his face.

201. HALLELUJAH! WHAT A MEETING.*Tri. 76.**Fannie Crosby.*

WHEN the voyage of life is ended,
And the stormy winds shall cease,
When we step from care and sorrow
To eternal joy and peace.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah! hallelujah! what a meeting!
 But the best of all will be
 Our Redeemer, dear Redeemer,
 In his beauty we shall see.

2 When we gather in the morning,
 And the long, long night is o'er,
 When we clasp our hands united,
 And our parting comes no more.

3 O, the pearly gates of glory,
 Not ajar, but open wide,
 Even now our faith beholds them
 As we near the swelling tide.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 O, ye ransomed hosts above,
 We are coming, we are coming,
 Soon we'll join your song of love.

202.

GATHERING HOME.

UP to the bountiful Giver of life,
 Gathering home, gathering home;
 Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife
 The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS:

Gathering home, gathering home,
 Never to sorrow, no, never to roam;
 Gathering home, gathering home,
 God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night,
 Gathering home, gathering home;
 Up where the Savior's own face is the light,
 The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,
 Gathering home, gathering home;
 Safe in the arms of his infinite love,
 The dear ones are gathering home.

203.

THE RESURRECTION.

IN the resurrection morning,
 When I see my Savior coming,
 And the sons of God be shouting
 In the kingdom of the Lord.

CHORUS:

We shall rise, we shall rise,
 In the resurrection morning we shall rise,
 We shall rise, we shall rise,
 In the resurrection morning we shall rise.

2 Oh! we feel the advent glory
 While the Savior seems to tarry,
 We will comfort one another
 With the words of holy writ.

3 By faith we can discover
 Our warfare'll soon be over,
 And we soon shall see each other
 On fair Canaan's happy shore.

4 We will tell the pleasing story
 When we meet our friends in glory,
 And we'll keep ourselves all ready,
 There to hail the heavenly King.

5 At the time of his appearing,
 When the world is in commotion,
 We will leave them all behind us
 When we meet him in the sky.

- 6 All our friends that are in glory,
 He will bring them at his coming,
 And around his throne we'll gather
 In that great and final day.

204. **GATHERING HOME.**

THEY are gathering homeward from every
 land,
 One by one, one by one;
 And their weary feet touch the shining strand,
 Yes, one by one.
 They rest with their Savior, they wait for their
 crown,
 Their travel stained garments are all laid down,
 They wait the white raiment the Lord shall
 prepare,
 For all who the glory with him shall share.

CHORUS:

Gathering home, gathering home,
 Fording the river one by one,
 Gathering home, gathering home;
 Yes, one by one.

- 2 Before they rest they pass through the strife,
 One by one, one by one,
 Through the waters of death they enter life,
 Yes, one by one.
 To some are the floods of the river still,
 As they ford their way to the heavenly hill;
 The waves to others run fiercely and wild,
 Yet they reach the home of the undefiled.

- 3 We must come to the riverside,
 One by one, one by one;
 We are nearer its waters each eventide,
 Yes, one by one:
 We can hear the noise of the dashing stream,
 Oft now and again thro' our life's deep dream;
 Sometimes in dark floods all the banks over-
 flow,
 Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.
 4 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to thee,
 One by one, one by one;
 We lift up our voices tremblingly,
 Yes, one by one.
 The waves of the river run dark and cold;
 We know not the place where our feet may
 hold,
 Thou who didst pass through the darkest mid-
 night,
 Now guide us and send us the staff and light.

205.

SHALL WE MEET.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?
 Where, in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS:

- Shall we meet, shall we meet,
 Shall we meet beyond the river?
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?
 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
 When our stormy voyage is o'er?
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor
 By the fair, celestial shore?

- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

206. **SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.**

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadow'd,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

CHORUS:

- Safe in the arms of Jesus, etc.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm us there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more fears.
- 3 Jesus, my soul's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience;
Wait 'till the night is o'er,
Wait 'till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

207. **I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.**

I WOULD not live alway—I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its
cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its
gloom;
There sweet be my rest 'till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the
plains.
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to
greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul.

208. **BLESSED SLEEP.**

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my refuge lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

209. **WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.**

THE home where changes never come,
Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
Yes, 'tis a bright and blessed home;
Who would not fain be resting there?

CHORUS:

O wait, meekly wait, and murmur not,
O wait, meekly wait, and murmur not;
O wait, O wait,
O wait and murmur not.

2 Yet when bow'd down beneath the load
By heav'n allow'd thine earthly lot,
Thou yearnest to reach that blest abode—
Wait, meekly wait and murmur not.

3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
O, think who bore them on his brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
It reached a holier than thou.

4 Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot,
The day of rest will dawn for thee—
Wait, meekly wait and murmur not.

210. **HOME OF THE SOUL.**

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful
land,
The far-away home of the soul;
Where no storms ever beat on that glittering
strand,
||: While the years of eternity roll:||

2 O that home of the soul, in my visions and
dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
'Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes,
Between that fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me;
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 Oh! how sweet it will be in that beautiful land
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our
hands,
To meet one another again.

211. **SWEET BY AND BY.***Win. H. W.**S. F. Bennett.*

THENE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS:

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirit shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
- 3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love!
And the blessings that hallow our days.
- 4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

212.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase;
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise—
Hallelujah!

213.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

214.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

GOD be with you 'till we meet again;
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you 'till we meet again.

CHORUS:

'Till we meet, till we meet,
'Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
'Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

INDEX.

A better day is coming.....	154
A charge to keep I have.....	95
Ah! many years my burdened.....	79
Alas! and did my Savior.....	48
All for Jesus.....	58
All glory to Jesus.....	83
All hail the power.....	1
All my life long.....	138
All the way my Savior.....	171
Amazing grace.....	87
Am I a soldier of the.....	104
And can I get delay.....	51
And must I be to judgment.....	122
Are you ready for the bridegroom.....	119
Are you weary.....	168
Arise, my soul, arise.....	43
A ruler once came.....	47
Asleep in Jesus.....	208
At the feast of Belshazzar.....	18
At the sounding of the trumpet.....	124
Awake! awake! the Master.....	184
Beautiful day, lovely.....	128
Behold the ark.....	161
Behold what love.....	149
Blessed assurance.....	133
Blessed Jesus, keep.....	63
Brethren, we have met.....	7
Brightly beams our Father's.....	40
Bring your every care.....	24

INDEX.

197

Cast thy bread upon.....	165
Children hear the Savior's.....	193
Christ from whom.....	113
Christian behold.....	160
Come all ye saints.....	105
Come every soul by sin.....	33
Come home, dear sinner.....	14
Come, humble sinner.....	17
Come, ye sinners, poor and.....	23
Come ye that love the Lord.....	92
Create in me Lord.....	36
Dark is the night.....	107
Did Christ o'er sinners.....	85
Down at the cross.....	62
Do you hear the Savior.....	41
Draw me near the cross.....	58
Floods of mercy.....	42
God be with you 'till.....	214
Grace, 'tis a charming.....	5
Hark! the voice of Jesus.....	151
Have you been to Jesus for.....	80
Have you heard.....	185
Hear the footsteps of Jesus.....	39
Hear the gentle voice.....	174
Hell is darkness.....	24
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.....	172
Hover o'er me.....	82
How bright the hope.....	81
How firm a foundation.....	157
I am coming to the cross.....	28
I am dwelling on the.....	134
I am the vine.....	74

I bring you tidings.....	9
I entered once a home.....	140
I gave my life for thee.....	197
I have a song I love.....	138
I have entered the valley.....	77
I have taken up the cross.....	50
I hear thy welcome voice.....	28
I know I love thee better.....	84
I love thy church.....	115
I love the blessed Jesus.....	143
I love thee, I love thee.....	116
I'm a salvation soldier.....	109
I'm a soldier bound.....	101
I'm a soldier.....	166
In God I have found.....	132
I need thee every hour.....	33
In the resurrection morn.....	203
In the rifted rock.....	100
I sometimes think 'tis.....	99
I storm the gate.....	93
I've found a joy in.....	158
I've found a friend.....	181
I've long time been hearing.....	126
I've reached the land of.....	199
I want to be a worker.....	176
I was once far away.....	44
I will follow thee.....	90
I will sing you a song.....	210
I would not live alway.....	207
Jesus calls me, I must go.....	117
Jesus I my cross have.....	91
Jesus, Lord, I come to thee.....	37
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	75
Jesus, my Savior, from.....	141

Jesus now is my salvation.....	200
Jesus, united by thy grace.....	114
Just as I am, without.....	30
Let party names no more.....	113
Let us sing of his love.....	68
Look, ye saints.....	8
Lord, dismiss us.....	212
Lord, I am thine.....	55
Lord, I believe a rest.....	65
Lord, I care not for riches.....	179
Lord, in the strength of grace.....	57
Lo! the golden fields.....	97
Marching on in the light.....	103
Mighty Rock, whose towering.....	153
Must I go and empty.....	98
My Father is rich in.....	198
My hope is built.....	156
My soul be on thy guard.....	88
No book is like the Bible.....	182
Now crucified with Christ.....	72
Now I feel the sacred fire.....	170
O blessed fellowship divine.....	86
O bliss of the purified.....	85
O come to the city.....	164
O do not let the word.....	10
O for a faith that will not.....	102
O for a heart to praise.....	73
O for a thousand tongues.....	2
O God, my heart doth long.....	52
O happy day that fixed.....	49
O hear the gospel message.....	6
O mourner in Zion.....	31

O now I see the crimson.....	88
On the carnal fields.....	96
On the happy golden shore.....	190
On the mountain of vision.....	152
Once I was blind.....	155
O sinner come without delay.....	19
O sometimes the shadows.....	163
O sweet will of God.....	56
O tender and sweet.....	38
O that my load of sin.....	66
O thou God of my salvation.....	159
O to be nothing.....	54
O who'll stand up for.....	144
O worship the Lord in the.....	3
O ye saints, the Lord is coming.....	118
Pass me not, O gentle.....	191
Praise God from whom.....	213
Redeemed, how I love to.....	139
Redeeming love.....	129
Repeat the story.....	130
Repeat the sweet story.....	175
Rock of Ages.....	64
Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	206
Salvation is a joyful sound.....	194
Savior, more than life.....	71
Shall this life of mine be.....	12
Shall we meet beyond the river.....	205
Should the death angel.....	11
Show pity, Lord.....	29
Simply trusting.....	135
Sing them over again.....	178
Softly and tenderly Jesus.....	22
Some go away from the house.....	21

Sowing in the morning.....	195
Still out of Christ.....	25
Suffering Savior, with.....	192
Sweetly, Lord, have we heard.....	188
Tarry with me, O my.....	169
The blood that flowed.....	70
The cross! the cross.....	162
The great Physician.....	45
The holy war is raging.....	89
The home where changes.....	209
The judgment day.....	125
The Lord is my Shepherd.....	148
The old Israelites knew.....	94
The voice of the Lord.....	69
The whole world.....	173
There are songs of joy.....	167
There is a fountain filled.....	59
There is a spot to me.....	48
There's a city that looks.....	147
There's a fountain, precious.....	180
There's a land that is fairer.....	211
There's a wideness.....	145
They are gathering homeward.....	204
This is the way I long have.....	110
Though my sins were once.....	187
Thou my everlasting portion.....	150
Thousands stand to-day in.....	78
Tidings, happy tidings.....	13
'Tis so sweet to trust in.....	177
'Tis the very same power.....	76
To thee now, dear Christ I'm.....	187
Up to the bountiful Giver.....	202
Watch and pray that.....	121

We are bound for the land.....	104
We have heard a joyful sound.....	104
We have toiled in many.....	104
We will pray for one another.....	104
What a Friend we have in.....	104
What can wash away my.....	104
What is our calling's.....	104
What poor despised company.....	104
When he cometh.....	104
When Jesus comes to reward.....	104
When the trump of God.....	104
When the voyage of life.....	104
When we enter the portals.....	104
While angels strike.....	104
While fighting for my Savior.....	104
While we bow in thy name.....	104
Who, who are these.....	104
Will your anchor hold.....	104
Will you come, will you.....	104
Yield not to temptation.....	104

APPENDIX.

1.

Only Thee.

ONLY Thee, my soul's Redeemer,
Whom have I in heaven beside?
Who on earth with love so tender,
All my onward steps to guide?

CHORUS:

Only Thee, only Thee,
Loving Savior, only Thee.

2 Only Thee, no joy I covet,
But the joy to call Thee mine;
Joy that gives the blest assurance,
Thou hast owned and called me Thine.

3 Only Thee, I ask no other,
Thou art more than all to me;
Life, or health, or creature comfort,
I would give them all for Thee.

4 Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see;
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

2.

No Room in Heaven.

HOW sad it would be, if when thou dost call,
All hopeless and unforgiven;
The angel that stands at the beautiful gate,
Should answer, no room in heaven

CHORUS:

Sad, sad, sad would it be!
No room in heaven for thee!
||: No room, no room,
No room in heaven for thee.:||

- 2 How sad it would be, the harvest all past,
The bright summer days all over;
To know that the reapers had gathered the grain,
And left thee alone forever.
- 3 Oh! haste thee and fly, while mercy is near,
Remember the love that he gave you;
The love that has sought thee is seeking thee still,
And Jesus now waits to save you.

SECOND CHORUS:

Room, room, still there is room,
Oh! come while yet there is room;
||: Still room, still room,
Oh! come while yet there is room.:||

3. Entire Consecration.

TAKE my life and let it be,
Consecrated Lord to Thee,
Take my hands and let them move,
At the impulse of Thy love.

CHORUS:

Wash me in the Savior's precious blood!
Cleanse me in his purifying flood,
Lord, I give to Thee,
My life and all to be,
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always—only for my King.

3 Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages for Thee,
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise,
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love—my Lord I pour,
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself and I will be
Ever—only—all for Thee.

4. Beautiful Hands.

BEAUTIFUL hands at the gateway to-night,
Faces all shining with radiant light;
Eyes looking down from yon heavenly throne,
Beautiful hands they are beckoning, "Come."

CHORUS:

Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

2 Beautiful hands of a mother whose love
Sacrificed life its devotion to prove;
Hands of a father, to memory dear,
Beckoning up higher the waiting ones here.

3 Beautiful hands of a little one, see!
Baby voice calling, O mother, to thee;
Rosy-cheeked darling, the light of our home,
Taken so early, is beckoning, come.

4 Beautiful hands, of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the loved one of life;
Hand of a brother, a sister or friend,
Out from the gateway to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of my song;
Jesus, my Savior, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling with beckoning hands.

Precious Name.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

CHORUS:

[: Precious name! oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven. :]

2 Take the name of Jesus with you,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy;
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet;
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

INDEX TO APPENDIX.

Beautiful hands at the.....	4
How sad it would be.....	2
Only Thee, my soul's.....	1
Take the name of Jesus.....	5
Take my life and.....	3